THE COMMONWEAL

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SHOULD PRIESTS BE EDITORS?

DURING the successive epochs of human progress since the founding of the Church, Catholicism has pursued its mission in ways and by means harmonious with the spirit of each age. Nowadays it works, as other world forces, whether for good or for evil, also work, through organizations that deal with the many problems of our complex civilization.

One of the most active and progressive of the many organizations that have been formed in recent years to express and apply Catholic principles in their relation to such questions is Le Opere Cardinale Ferrari Della Compagnia S. Paolo.

We mention this Italian society for a special purpose connected with one particular point, namely, the part that Catholic journalism plays, or should play, in this great struggle of opposing ideas. For, among the many activities of the Opere Cardinale Ferrari, is the publication of an important illustrated magazine called La Festa. Its Christmas number this year will be a special edition of 200 pages dedicated to "the Catholic writers of the world." If La Festa carries out this project with the efficiency that characterizes many other of its undertakings, we shall be given for the first time a vivid and accurate picture of the present condition of the Catholic press.

In one of his pastoral letters to the Catholic bishops of the world, Pope Pius X, who did so much to bring about the present tremendous revival of the Catholic faith, made the following statement: "In vain will you found missions and build schools if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press." Pope Benedict XV later on expressed the same views. The present Pope called fresh attention to the subject in a very striking manner when he named Saint Francis de Sales as patron of the Catholic press, and called upon Catholics throughout the world to improve and make greater use of their mediums for communicating Catholic truth to the world. In practically every country, these messages from the centre of Christianity have caused, or at least have coincided with, notable activities in journalism and literature. One of the most significant aspects of the situation has been the part played in the general secular journalism and literature by Catholic poets, dramatists, novelists, essayists, historians, scientific writers and journalists. This has been strikingly true in France, and to a lesser extent, but still noticeably, in Germany, England, Italy and Ireland, and in several of the South American republics. It is not yet true of the United States, although signs indicate that it may be true very soon.

And this brings us to the consideration of a problem

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within a problem. It is brought forward by that stormy petrel of Catholic movements, Mr. Patrick H. Callahan of Louisville, who, in a recent number of the provocative and useful Fortnightly Review of St. Louis, expresses his mind energetically on the subject of clerical and lay editors. In commenting upon the action taken by the Catholic bishops of Slovakia and Carpatho-Russia, who, according to the Vienna correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, have strictly forbidden priests in their dioceses to edit newspapers, even Catholic newspapers, or to become permanent writers for them, Mr. Callahan emphatically declares that "a similar prohibition might be salutary and profitable if extended to other countries, including even, if not especially, our own country."

Mr. Callahan's reasons for this view seem to be that, if a priest becomes an editor, he "deserts his calling, neglects his training, and gives himself to a service that a layman can do as well"; secondly, that "priests as a rule make rather unsatisfactory editors, not only because they were not trained for that sort of work, but because their hearts cannot be in it, since they have given up all for the priesthood, which is their great treasure, and where their heart is"; thirdly, that "priest-editors are regarded as first and always priests, and cannot begin to influence the public mind to the same extent that professional editors, even of lesser attainments, are able to do"; and, finally, that "where priests become newspaper editors, laymen must be hewers of wood and drawers of water." Mr. Callahan goes on to say that he "no doubt will be admonished that the activities of priests are strictly a matter for the bishops to control." He acknowledges this to be true, adding, "but the fact remains that, while there is need of more priests in many places in our country, there are many priests almost wholly occupied in labors that educated laymen could do as well, if not in a number of instances better."

We do not happen to know what reasons dictated the rule against priests occupying themselves in journalism, which was laid down by the hierarchy of Slovakia; but we hazard the guess that the disturbed and complex political and inter-racial problems of that part of the world may have had a great deal to do with it, and that it was not a precise and clear-cut ruling against priests taking part in journalistic activities simply because they are priests.

Mr. Callahan states that he has failed to observe any editorial comment respecting the obvious implications of the action taken in Slovakia, and adds that this was "perhaps to be expected. A priest-editor would be hard put to it to find comment on such a hierarchical decree that would not confront him like a Frankenstein, and a lay editor naturally would refrain from comment on a situation that could not fail to embarrass those of his colleagues that wear the cloth." The Commonweal does not share this view. There is no good reason why such problems should not be discussed freely. For our own part, we are quite content to leave to the bishops the decision as to whether or not their priests may engage in journalism without detriment to their work or status as clergymen. Apart from that question, the real point at issue is whether the priests who go into journalism are or are not qualified for their work, journalistically speaking.

Nobody can doubt the fact that many of the writers who have most profoundly affected the world, in and out of the Church, have been priests. Passing by the great classical names, such as Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, Bossuet, and a host of others, in our own times there is the great name of Newman, and among contemporary writers many names might be mentioned. But the work of an author and that of a journalist are very different. Sometimes the qualities that are most valuable in one field will interfere with success in the other. There always will be a distinct need for Catholic editors in that department of journalism which deals intimately and authoritatively with ecclesiastical matters: the explanation and elucidation of dogma, canon law, ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and, in general, the teaching mission of the Church to her own people. Laymen in such a field are obviously disqualified. But today there is a great and growing department of Catholic journalism, namely, the transmission of Catholic interest, views, and principles to the non-Catholic world, wherein lay participation, we believe, is called for to a much larger extent than prevails at present. The priest may have been endowed by God with the qualities necessary to make him a real journalist as well as a priest—but such cases are rare.

Educated and competent Catholic laymen, necessarily mingling with non-Catholics more intimately and in more varied fashions than the clergy, should, it seems to us, take the leading part in that department of Catholic journalism, its newspapers, and its periodicals, intended for the instruction of non-Catholics. This certainly does not mean, at least so far as The Commonweal is concerned, a plea to our priests to hand over their editorial jobs to laymen. In the first place, where are the laymen to be found? Catholics who go into journalism for the most part seek the greater financial rewards and the, humanly speaking, more attractive conditions of secular journalism. But that our times demand the service that might be rendered by competent, enthusiastic Catholic young men and young women who will answer the call of the Church to become missionaries of its culture to the world around them, is unquestionably true. Our schools and colleges should try to discover and to encourage such vocations among their pupils. The Catholic laity as a body should encourage such a movement. Nothing will do more—again, we speak humanly—to cause a growing respect and consideration for the Catholic Church than the appearance of a vigorous, competent literary and journalistic movement among the Catholic laity.

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WEEK BY WEEK

PRESS reports from Washington announce that the American reply to the French note on the new tariff rates of that country—a reply awaited with interest and some acute speculation—while conciliatory in tone, "leaves little doubt that discriminatory tactics will be resorted to against France if no adjustment is found possible." From Madrid comes word that Spain may join with France in a concerted effort to break down the United States tariff wall. Adjustment is offered by France on the basis of reciprocity, by which concessions would be made to the United States in return for concessions on French imports into this country. This, according to Dr. Arthur L. Faubel, secretary of the American Tariff League, would be "totally futile in practice." He points out that the French law is primarily a bargaining tariff, under which protection to French industry would seem to be a secondary consideration as compared with building up as big an export trade as possible for French merchandise. This may be quite true as a theory, but its relation to the actual condition which has to be faced seems to be about the same as that of the flowers that bloom in the spring, if the American tariff, based on the theory of protecting American producers, is to be supplemented by "discriminatory tactics." The cold facts of the situation would appear to be that both France and the United States need to increase their exports of certain manufactured articles in order to keep pace with production, and that there must be give and take if each is to find the profitable outlet it seeks. Reciprocal advantages will be secured only by reciprocal concessions.

MEANWHILE, American doughboys, fraternizing with the poilus by whose side they fought in a common cause, have helped to produce an atmosphere in which there may be sensible discussion of a matter which should be settled promptly. Retaliation is an ugly word to be bandied between France and the United States at a time when each country is coming closer to a better and more complete understanding of the other. In his address at the convention of the American Legion in Paris, which was delivered in the presence of Marshal Foch, General Gouraud and other distinguished Frenchmen, General Pershing declared that men are wondering why the nations cannot learn to deal with each other by following the same code of honor that is demanded between individuals, and why prejudice and passion are more excusable in 10,000,000 men than in merely one. It would appear that an excellent opportunity is offered to demonstrate that it is possible for two nations, long friends and now more closely bound in ties of affection than ever before, to act as two amicable individuals would act if a point of difference had to be composed. Now that this same opportunity has been pointed out so publicly, perhaps such a method of settlement may be more reasonably hoped for in the near future.

IT IS unfortunate that the result of the general election in Ireland should have been so inconclusive. Whether one gives adherence in full to the policies of President Cosgrave or inclines to the belief that Mr. de Valera is better fitted to conduct the business of the country, the fact remains that much business of great importance to all the people of Ireland demands immediate attention. With such matters as that of providing money, by national loan or otherwise, for the Shannon river development scheme pressing for action, it was regrettable that two elections should have come to divert and disturb within the space of a few months. But that the second of these should find the two main groups so closely balanced that neither can claim a clear mandate, is little short of disastrous. The one sign of hope is furnished by the virtual disappearance of some of the small parties that figured in the first of the two battles at the polls. There are able men in both of the major parties, and these may find a way to compel attention to the needs of the country without compromise of principle on matters which are in dispute between Free Staters and Republicans.

THE significant feature of the endorsement by Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast Democrats of Governor Alfred E. Smith as the standard-bearer of the party in the presidential election next year, followed by the launching of the Al Smith for President Association of the Rocky Mountain-Pacific states, is the fact that this first organization of Democrats in any large numbers to declare for the New York Governor represents territory in which Mr. McAdoo was in control of almost all the delegations to the 1924 conven-

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tion. If evidence were needed of the intention of the western Democrats to substitute for racial and religious bickerings the consideration of real national issues, it is to be found in the subsequent action of the conferees at Ogden, Utah, in making suggestions concerning the platform as well as the candidate. The demand for the insertion of a platform plank providing for equalization of tariff schedules in the interest of western industries showed that full confidence was placed in one who has stood for a fair deal in all that affected the citizens of the Empire state and could be looked to for similar fairness in dealing with national questions. The subject was one more worthy of consideration than the question as to which church was the scene of a candidate's worship on Sundays.

AT THE time of the Ogden conference, a prominent Democrat from the West was in New York. He took occasion, in an interview with a reporter of the New York Times, to discuss another manifestation of western sentiment which may have an important bearing on the choice of delegates from that section of the country to the next Democratic convention. Senator Clarence C. Dill, of Washington, who, by defeating Senator Miles Poindexter, placed that state in the Democratic column, gave it as his opinion that neither an extreme "wet" nor an extreme "dry" would be acceptable to the voters of the Far West. This leaves it to be implied that Governor Smith, coming under the first category, would be unavailable as a candidate, although he "is really a big man and has made a great governor." Leaving aside the question whether Governor Smith may justly be classed as an "extreme" wet, one may well ponder again the action of the convention in Utah which preferred to discuss the tariff, rather than the wetness or dryness of candidates, when one part of Senator Dill's interview is considered. "No change in the prohibition situation can be accomplished by the election of a President, extreme wet, or extreme dry," he said. "The country is governed by Congress. If the voters desire a change, they must make their will felt upon the men they send to Congress." Obviously the fact, but a fact often overlooked by those who wrangle over possible presidential candidates.

IN NAMING Dwight W. Morrow as the new ambassador of the United States to Mexico, President Coolidge not only assured for himself the presence in Mexico City of a personal friend on whom he could absolutely rely, but picked for the whole people of the United States a representative of broad experience, of tested judgment and of wide sympathies. Of the so-called radical group in the Senate, from whom criticism was expected because of Mr. Morrow's long connection with the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, Senator Frazier of North Dakota alone committed himself to outspoken opposition, declaring that "it seems to me it will stir matters up instead of promoting a peaceful solution of the Mexican problem." Senator Borah said there was opportunity for the appointee to render public service of incalculable value, and paid tribute to his known ability. Senator James A. Reed asserted that the naming of Mr. Morrow was "another move of Morgan and Company to get its hooks into Mexico." Of course Mr. Morrow will sever his connection with the Morgan firm before taking up his new duties. He is accepting the nomination at considerable personal sacrifice, and while there will doubtless be spirited discussion in the Senate, there is no reason to expect that the appointment will not be confirmed by an overwhelming vote.

THE annual meeting of the bishops of the United States, held recently at the Catholic University of America, was one of the most important gatherings of the episcopate of late years. Encouraged by a warm message of commendation from Pope Pius of the work of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which, as Cardinal Hayes remarked, "has grown from a war-time patriotic work into a peace-time agency—a strong instrumentality for good," and having at their conferences a representative of His Holiness in the person of Archbishop Francesco Marchetti-Selvaggiani, who brought the Supreme Pontiff's gratitude for America's notable contributions to the cause of missions, the assembled prelates transacted considerable business of importance at their two-day convention. Perhaps the most momentous of the subjects dealt with was the extension of home and foreign missionary effort through a definite plan of contributions in each of the dioceses. Of the money raised through the establishment of diocesan mission societies, 60 percent will be forwarded by the diocesan director to the national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and 40 percent to the treasurer of the American Episcopate of Catholic Missions. Thus the proud position held by the United States as the most generous contributor to the work of the Propagation of the Faith will be maintained, and adequate provision will be made for the extension of home mission work in many of the dioceses.

IN ADDITION to the thanks of the Holy Father for their labors on behalf of missions, the members of the hierarchy received those of the bishops of Mexico through the Right Reverend Pascual Diaz, secretary of the Mexican episcopate. Bishop Diaz declared that the laity of his country joined with the clergy in thanking the bishops of the United States for "their wonderful pastoral letter, which would stand like a monument forever to shame and confuse the enemies of the Catholic Church." He was able to report that, in the events of the last few months, he saw many indications of powerful influences at work to bring about a closer understanding between Mexico and the United States. The presence of Bishop Diaz at the meeting was particularly timely, as one of the problems which was discussed at the gathering, in connection with plans for

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mission extension, was the care of the large number of Mexican immigrants who are pouring into this country, and whose spiritual needs call for special provision in several of the dioceses.

DEAN INGE is at it again. In an article in the London Standard entitled The Failure of Democracy, the high priest of pessimism asserts that the whole theory of democratic government "rests on the superstition Vox populi vox Dei," and labels Abraham Lincoln's "government of the people by the people, for the people" simply "claptrap usually uttered by those who want to live on the people, by the people and for themselves." In America, he declares, "democracy means anything or nothing at all, which makes it an excellent slogan." Pausing to remark that this very sentence in the Anglican cleric's article may mean anything or nothing at all, it is necessary to ascertain whether the whole experiment of democracy has meant anything to the people of the United States or whether it has been a flat failure. It is a big question which cannot be answered to the satisfaction of Dean Inge and some of his American followers in a paragraph; but there is this to be said: if democracy in this country made possible the election of Abraham Lincoln as the chosen ruler of the people, it showed once and for all that its results can be something more than the elevation of those who want to live on the people and by the people, for themselves. Any statement to the contrary is claptrap of the cheapest kind.

A STRIKING example of the loose talking of the very persons who insist that scientific matters should be treated in an absolutely scientific manner was cited in a recent sermon by the Reverend Bede Jarrett, O.P. Speaking at Leeds, where the British Association for the Advancement of Science recently held its annual meeting, Father Jarrett said: "When the president of the British Association called in Professor G. Elliot Smith to say that the human brain showed no formation of any sort other than that of the brain of the chimpanzee, then we may say that this is not scientific, but unscientific, mischievous, misleading and untrue. If he had said that the material formation of the two was the same, he would have been within his province, but in what he said, he wandered out of his sphere. He did not give us science in uttering that statement, he gave us a cheap philosophy, and it is the indulgence in that sort of thing that makes us angry with scientists who ignore the fundamental principles of the real scientific spirit." An admirable exposition of an altogether too frequent manifestation of dogmatism on the part of those who affect to despise dogma, and of the reactions induced among those who are not only really scientific in their habits of thought but also fortunately clear in their modes of expression. When scientists show the fairness for which their title and claims should be the warrant, laymen will have no more occasion to manifest this salutary impatience.

MAYOR JOHN L. DUVALL of Indianapolis, found guilty of violation of the Corrupt Practices Act and sentenced to a jail term and fine, must at least be given credit for the originality of his defense. He was faced by William H. Armitage, a politician who swore that Duvall had taken $12,000 from him in return for a promise that he, Armitage, should name three members of the city administration. The mayor (who had confessed that he had endorsed a note for two Klan officials who disappeared when the graft investigation started) after calmly testifying that he had accepted the money from Armitage, affirmed that he had done so to protect the taxpayers. He was afraid, so ran his testimony, that Armitage might use the sum against him in the election and, by defeating him, come into control of the city Board of Works, to the detriment of the public. This disclosure of long-sighted altruism did not seem to sway the jury, which brought in a verdict adverse to the defendant in short order. Perhaps the fact that George S. Elliott, former exalted cyclops of the Klan in Marion County, and Harvey Bedford, another prominent member of the hooded order, who had been appointed superintendent of parks and inspector of police, respectively, prior to their hurried departure after Duvall's endorsement of their note, returned to testify against their would-be benefactor, caused question in the minds of those in the jury-box concerning the absolute disinterestedness of Mr. Duvall in his dealings with Mr. Armitage.

A SIGNIFICANT figure in Irish public life has passed with the death of the Right Reverend John Henry Bernard, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Entering the university as a sizar, he rapidly climbed through the successive stages of scholarship and moderatorship to a fellowship. Turning from the mathematical studies which he had pursued, he applied himself to philosophy, bringing out works on Kant individually and in conjunction with the late Dr. Mahaffy, his predecessor in the provostship. Successively dean of the Chapel Royal, Bishop of Ossory and Archbishop of Dublin, it seemed as if he had settled down to a life of work in the Protestant Church when, to the surprise of many, he accepted the provostship of Trinity College—at the same time, of course, vacating the archbishopric. This was at the close of the Irish Convention of which he was a member. A life-long unionist, he had come to the conclusion that home rule must be granted. No one who heard his impassioned appeals to the Northern Protestants will ever forget them, nor the silence with which they were received by the audience to which they were especially addressed. Subsequently he went as spokesman of a deputation of Southern Protestants to Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, to beg him to accept what was known as the Middleton Scheme of Home Rule. However, the deputation went home disappointed. Provost Bernard stated at least on one occasion that his highest hope was to be looked upon as a great Irishman. Certainly he yielded

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to none in his love for the country—not of his birth, for he was born in India, where his father was an official—but of his life-long adoption.

THE recent unveiling of the new models of a standard make of automobile is reported in the New York Herald Tribune as "another striking event in the automotive world." It is all of that and more: it is an advance in aesthetics which is a rebuke to those who sit in the seats of the scorners and contemplate an America sunk in materialism and heedless of every prompting to the things of sweetness and light. It unfolds a vista of future ceremonies of sublime solemnity. There may come a day when the Spokesman may escort all the White House reporters to an upper room and, with appropriate ceremonies, unveil the hobby-horse which certain flippant commentators have asserted was the first member of the official family to declare that he did not choose to run. On some future occasion, when the tumult is stilled and the shouting of those imploring one fistic artist to bend in the slats of another has died, there shall be seen an inspiring sight. Those happy spectators will behold, not a perspiring and coatless figure tiptoeing to hold aloft the gloved hand of a battered gladiator, but a resplendent individual in evening clothes who shall reverently approach a curtain in one corner of the elevated platform and impressively unveil the shape of a handsome young man deeply engrossed in the study of Why Cashel Byron Preferred Brunettes.

MANY feel that the "hot dog" is one of the most distinctive of American viands. Boiled to something near tenderness, daubed with tart mustard and inserted into a relatively fresh roll, this "dog" has rescued many a famished soul, many a gridiron and race fan, under conditions for which Brillat-Savarin would have been entirely too fastidious and complex. The relish for this viand is, however, not world-wide. The English president of Hot Dogs, Limited, an organization for the sale and promotion of wieners, mustard and rolls, has given a graphic description of his countrymen's reaction. Evidently they took the name literally and seriously. They insisted upon sanitary regulations of the most exasperating sort. Fancy the manufacturer applying the mustard! Fancy the consumer obliged by law to insert his purchase into a clean paper bag! Never, in such wise, will Britain learn the real character of our national delicacy. But there is really no end to these foreign snubbings of standard American foods. Legionnaires now in Paris will remember the whole-hearted disdain with which the French poilu gazed upon canned corn—a form of produce fit only, to his mind, for beings considerably lower down on the ladder of perfection than man. And so it goes. Some day, when the State Department really desires to make the United States popular abroad, it will launch a campaign for the greater glory of the American kitchen.

SANCTIFYING SALESMANSHIP

IN THE September issue of Harper's Magazine, Mr. Jesse Rainsford Sprague discusses in dispassionate manner a phenomenon distinctly and exclusively American—the alliance between business and emotional religion. Close observers of the growing tendency to mask the deadly mechanistic methods of mass production and provide stimulus in speeding output by stirring the emotions through what may be called "go-getter" religion, have long been doubtful whether either business or religion was benefiting by the coalescence of interests. Certainly, neither has gained in dignity; and what some may regard as paltry piety is shown to be piteously poor business.

When emotionalism had been preached in the factory and efficiency was believed to have been increased thereby, a new and bigger demand for inspirational incitement was at once created. With the manufacture of goods simplified by the use of automatic machinery, the efforts of executives could be centered on selling, and with production speeded up, this problem of getting rid of the goods pouring out in a steady stream became the most acute of all those which heads of corporations had to face. What more natural than that the means which had been used to make production more impressive should be used to make selling more effective and customers more responsive?

"What factor," to quote Mr. Sprague, "could be injected into salesmanship that would add to its effectiveness? The answer was, emotion. Americans as a people are generously responsive to emotion of any kind, and particularly to religious emotion. People would buy more freely if convinced that buying was a moral duty. The purveyor of gold-plated andirons, for instance, made but slow progress when he merely announced that his andirons were cheap and durable. In such a case he interested only those householders who were already considering the purchase of andirons. A tremendous advance in salesmanship was made when the purveyor of gold-plated andirons announced that his andirons were not only cheap and durable, but also that andirons added to the spiritual atmosphere of the home and that it was the duty of every American to endow his loved ones with the uplifting influence of a pair of beautiful gold-plated andirons in the latest mode."

To reach the plane on which the whole moral and religious field of his endeavors could be surveyed, the salesman has been aided by the inspirational talks of special uplifters (one of them is said to address more than two hundred gatherings a year, while his engagements are booked twelve months in advance) and by appeals to the spiritual at trade conventions. Thus, at the last convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs, held in Philadelphia, the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman delivered the keynote address, and Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Chelsea Meth-

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odist Episcopal Church of New York, presided over the church advertising department, which discussed Spiritual Principles in Advertising, Advertising in Building a Bible Class, and Advertising the Kingdom through Press-Radio Services. In the evening, cabaret entertainment was furnished the delegates from 11:30 o'clock until 2, and part of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant also was present.

Now what is the result of such strange combinations of emotional appeal? Has it really made for moral elevation in business? The writer in Harper's supplies the answer in one paragraph:

"One of the heaviest costs to business in the United States is the inordinate number of commercial failures. In 1900 our bankruptcies totaled about 6,000, about the same number that occurred in England and France. During the past year we had more than 20,000 bankruptcies, more than twice as many as England and France combined. So many of our failures were so palpably of fraudulent intent that many government and private agencies are engaged in attacking the problem."

Whether the cause of true religion is advanced by these emotional orgies plus cabaret shows and beauty pageants may be considered in the light furnished by an announcement that, while the National Association of Credit Men was holding its last convention in New York with inspirational sermons and speeches, it was also engaged in raising a fund of $2,000,000 to assist the government in prosecuting fraudulent bankrupts.

A NEW DR. COOK DISCOVERY

THE hesperophithecus has been discovered, and most appropriately the discoverer is Dr. Cook. According to the New York Times, the hesperophithecus haroldcookii, meaning the ape-man of the West found by Harold Cook, is the name which scientists have given to "a hitherto unknown race," whose habits are described in detail by that estimable daily with "a little guesswork," from which Dr. Cook, who is connected with the Colorado Museum of Natural History, absolves himself of all responsibility "until his findings can be verified further." This guesswork, says the Times, "paints a most interesting and, in all likelihood, an authentic picture of the first known human life in the world."

What Dr. Cook actually found was a fossilized tooth, which came to light at Agate Springs, Nebraska. Here is what the Times, not waiting for any further verification, has to say about the hesperophithecus to whom the tooth is said to have belonged: Hesper and so forth lived in a tree from which he climbed cautiously at dawn to stalk small game, with sharp weapons fashioned out of green bone. When the game supply ran low, he beat in the skull of one of his brothers with an elephant bone and resorted to cannibalism. He was musically inclined and "up in his tree, safe from the gigantic, snarling cats, the mastodonic dogs and the huge, slimy beasts below him," he performed on a bone fife. "He lived thus," the reader is told, "for many ages, more than 2,000,000 years, fighting, playing, raising families and gradually becoming more intelligent as the facts of the world about him penetrated his thick skull."

Summing up, the Times says solemnly: "Although there is too great a gap between the quarternary age and even the glacial age which followed the ice era for scientists to make statements of any kind concerning possible descendants of the earliest man, Dr. Cook said that probably there was no relation between him and the modern American Indian. 'The man-like race of 4,000,000 years ago in all likelihood disappeared, as did the animal and plant forms, when the ice-age gripped the world,' Dr. Cook declared."

Not being able to read the mind of the American Indian as readily as the writer in the Times can delve into the mental processes of Hesper and what not, this writer cannot say how the modern red man feels about this matter of having doubt cast on his relationship to the lounge lizard of the tree-tops, who varied his love-making by playing on the flute and bashing in his brother's head with an elephant-bone club. Not every white man cares to make public the fact that his grandfather played the fife, and to have to confess that one's ancestors in steady line indulged in this practice for 2,000,000 years would make any decent Indian blush.

This "ape-man of the West, found by Harold Cook," will be hailed with delight by the editors of Sunday supplements less conservative than that of the Times. They will thank their more staid neighbor for its "little guesswork," and get the layout artists on the job with instructions to show Hesper and what have you in his charming family circle, or chasing the chipmunk of 4,000,000 years ago with his green bone club. Then some "distinguished scientist" will be asked to do a little guessing on his own account, and a picture interesting, if not altogether authentic, will be painted.

In museums, groups of Hesper and so on will be arranged, and soon those who do not accept as a logical and sequential narrative of scientifically demonstrated fact, the whole collected guesswork founded on the Agate Springs tooth, will be deeply pitied.

Stranger far than hesperophithecus haroldcookii and his uncles and his cousins and his aunts is the fact that the New York Times should have brought him into being. Not every reader of the Sunday supplements which will now exploit Hesper et cetera believes all that is furnished for his education and delectation, but the newspaper that gives "all the news that's fit to print" is generally regarded as trustworthy and careful. Having first absolved Dr. Cook of desire to make any guesses regarding his find, it has built up on what it confesses is nothing more than a guess, this odd picture, "and, in all likelihood, an authentic picture of the first known human life in the world."

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REUNION: ITS PRESENT STATUS

By L. J. S. WOOD

THE Holy Office has published what may be regarded as a reminder on the subject of reunion. Inasmuch as, taken in its right sense, reunion, the reuniting of all to the Mother Church, in one fold and under one shepherd, is always very close to the heart of the successor of Peter, it is the more necessary that there shall be no misunderstanding about it. For the word "reunion" is used commonly among Christians who are not of the Church in a completely non-Catholic sense.

Its true sense was indicated in the most unequivocal terms by Pope Benedict XV, in May, 1919, and was accentuated a few months later by the publication of a decree of the Holy Office which quoted the precedents of 1864 and 1865. The publication of the present warning suggests that sufficient attention has not been paid to those most authoritative pronouncements. It is issued in reply to a question specifically based on the occasion of the conference recently held at Lausanne, as to whether Catholics may "interest themselves in or support congresses, meetings, gatherings or associations which have for their purpose that all who in any way claim the Christian name shall join together with one bond of religion." It replies in the negative, at the same time reminding Catholics of the Decree of 1919, which itself carried a reminder of 1864 and 1865.

The 1919 occasion arose from a "world conference" movement which had been initiated at Cincinnati a year or two before, and was to find expression in a "Pan-Christian Congress." The Holy See had been asked to join in it, and Cardinal Gasparri had replied to the invitation. His letter, being full of charity, was taken to mean more than it said, and a second and more explicitly worded letter was sent. In 1919 some Episcopalian bishops, touring Europe on behalf of the conference, asked for and were granted an audience with Pope Benedict XV. Before receiving them, the Holy Father wished to put himself on firm ground as to precedents. Inquiry of the most eminently competent authority immediately produced the apposite precedent: two letters of the Holy Office, one of 1864 to the bishops in England, one of 1865 to "certain Anglican Puseyists."

A few months after the audience to the Episcopalian bishops the Acta Apostolicae Sedis published (August 1, 1919) a decree of the Holy Office. In reply to the question:

> Whether the instructions of the Supreme Congregation under date of September 16, 1864, on the participation of Catholics in a certain society erected in London for obtaining, as the society said, the union of Christianity, are applicable and are to be observed by the faithful also as regards their participation in any meetings, or public or private gatherings promoted by non-Catholics, which put before themselves the object of obtaining the union of all Christian bodies which lay claim to that name

the Supreme Congregation answered in the affirmative, and added that there should be published in the next issue of the Acta the above-named letter and the other sent to "certain Anglican Puseyists" on November 8, 1865. The present Holy Office warning only reaffirms, then, what was said eight years ago.

It leaves no room at all for doubt about the instructions of the Holy See. We have the present warning, the Decree of 1919 which it reaffirms, republishing the letters written when a pronouncement was necessary over sixty years ago; and we have Pope Benedict's own words in answer to the approach made to him for a similar purpose by the Episcopalian bishops. The following account of what the Pope said is completely official:

> The Holy Father, having thanked them for their visit, stated that, as the successor of Saint Peter and the Vicar of Christ, he had no greater desire than that there should be one fold and one shepherd. His Holiness added that the teaching and practice of the Roman Catholic Church regarding the unity of the visible Church of Christ were well known to everybody, and therefore it would not be possible for the Catholic Church to take part in such a congress as the one proposed. His Holiness, however, by no means wishes to disapprove of the congress in question for those who are not in union with the Chair of Peter. On the contrary, he earnestly desires and prays that, if the congress is practicable, those who take part in it may, by the grace of God, see the light and become reunited to the visible head of the Church, by whom they will be received with open arms.

It is worth while reading those words carefully, while remembering the circumstances and the object and hopes of the Episcopalian bishops. For, generally speaking, more attention was paid to the attitude of the Pope—which was one of kindness, of charity to those outside the fold but in good faith—than to his words, which were unequivocally clear. Mr. Gardiner, indeed, the worthy secretary of the conference, continued to publish communications, explanatory of his excellent intentions, which were quoted with appreciation almost amounting to encouragement by more than one Catholic paper, even in Italy. And here lies the object of this present recapitulation of facts and instructions from authority: the emphasizing of the vital necessity, that there shall be no room for misunderstanding. First, any hopes which may be raised of what is called by Protestants "corporate reunion"—in their case an impossibility—deter earnest individuals from what is necessary, submission. Secondly, Catholics who allow themselves to be led

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away from the necessary carefulness by what seems, but is not, charity, slip easily into indifferentism.

On this second point it is not for the present writer to dwell. On the first, however, interesting history may be recalled, showing how what is going on today was going on in 1864. In the tide of the Oxford Movement were two great waves of conversions in England, from the second of which rose a surge of hope finding outward expression in an "Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom," started by Anglicans, some Catholics and Orthodox joining. Propaganda was at first pleased with the way its hopes were expressed. Then, when more of the realities of the situation were learned—the discountenancing of individual conversion, for instance, in the hope of some "corporate reunion"—Propaganda became more cautious. Several of the English bishops had hesitated from the first. But indeed the Association's beginnings were not unpromising in their simplicity. Prayer only was asked for, the Our Father to be said for the intention of the Association and the prayer from the Mass itself, "Domine Jesu Christe qui dixisti . . ." No one was to be understood as professing any opinion on any point that might be considered controversial; members merely agreed that the object of the Association was desirable. There were 8,000 members, 1,000 Catholics, 200 Orthodox, the rest Anglicans.

Soon, however, the spirit changed; the organ of the Association, the Union Review, was found referring to English Catholics as a "distinct and isolated Italian mission, disconnected from the tradition of their country and fast lapsing into a bitter, uninfluential and disappointed sect."

> The day may yet come when a more Catholic ground may be taken by our Roman brethren, and then and then only hope will revive that the stray children who have so long mistaken their allegiance will be gathered again into communion with the English Church, and an alien mission, subject to Rome, give place to a national church in communion with her.

No wonder the Holy Office wrote to the English bishops and, in reply to a resulting letter, to "certain Anglican Puseyists."

Anyone who has studied the writings and sayings, during the last few years, of what is really only a section of a section of Anglicans, cannot have failed to notice the same thing happening today. Mutatis mutandis, the words quoted above express the same thought as is seen in the "continuity" claim now being put forward and stretched to the contention of the identity of the Anglican Church of the present with the Church of those who suffered for the Faith three hundred odd years ago. It is to refute this claim, not only put forward in "Anglo-Catholic" newspapers but stated formally by an Anglican archbishop, that Cardinal Bourne has been forced to rise and tell the truth in public in words of two syllables.

One of the saddest evenings the present writer ever passed was in the Albert Hall on the occasion of the "Anglo-Catholic" congress four years ago. One or two of us had been invited to be present to hear a paper read by a distinguished American Episcopalian theologian. We were told it would open the way, or at least throw light on the way, toward reunion—to use, for the sake of convenience, the term used by non-Catholics. The first reference to the Catholic Church was cheering: the statement, received with applause, that it was useless to consider any reunion which did not include the great Church of Rome. But conditions were then enunciated, and we learned that that Church would have to be shorn of all the "unlawful additions" which had accumulated on it "since the virile northern nations left." It was to be constitutionalized—instead of autocracy, theocracy, there was to be democracy, and a national one at that; the Church in each country was to be autonomous, electing, for instance, its cardinal or cardinals, who could then elect the Pope. General Councils would fit into this constitution, and there would be an end of such "absurdities" as the Infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff. The sadness lay in the fact that this was listened to, without a word of criticism or suggestion being made, by men of goodness and knowledge, who must have realized the terrible nature of these proposals for man to take on himself the regulation of the things of God.

The incident is recalled only to illustrate the vital necessity for the Church and the Church's people to be ever on the alert and firm, in these days when good, earnest, thinking men—but, as we find them confessing themselves, without any defined basis for their thinking—initiate or endorse such propositions regarding the one Church of God to which they claim to belong.

Often the cause of misunderstanding is a mistaken charity. Cardinal Mercier's was true pastoral charity, but even that was misunderstood. We have it in his own words (quoted from memory from the "Anglo-Catholic" Church Times) that he could never allow it to be said that a non-Catholic knocked at the door of a Catholic bishop and that door was not opened to him. That is the simple origin and meaning of the Conversations of Malines: enlightenment, the Ecclesia docens doing its first duty, illuminating those not in the fold. It was this simple explanation of the truths of the Catholic Church to those not of the Church that the Pope encouraged and blessed. There was never any more in them than that; the Holy See and the Cardinal of Malines were in full agreement that their nature was this and no other, and anyone who imagined them to be a conference on equal terms, with the hope of a give-and-take compromise as a result, out of which reunion should emerge, not only could know nothing of the Catholic Church as it is understood in Rome, at Malines, at Westminster, every-

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where, but could not have read Benedict XV. Yet there was misunderstanding, for which, it has to be confessed, the errors of individual Catholics were in some measure responsible.

A certain Catholic priest—God rest his soul—had been a protagonist in the movement for the recognition of Anglican orders, which was closed by the Apostolicae Curae of 1896. His enthusiastic hopes of the good that might come from recognition had led him to discourage Anglicans who were inclined to individual submission, urging them to wait for the "corporate reunion" which must soon come. He was called to order. Yet his enthusiastic hope for good to arise from the Malines Conversations caused him to repeat the censured action again.

That is an extreme case. Take another contemporary instance of misunderstanding, by no means deserving of the censure passed on the above-named priest, but in some ways more harmful. A number of Catholics on the Continent, mostly priests, have met and listened to "Anglo-Catholics," and have been so impressed by their good faith and good intentions and by their exposition of their "Catholicism," that they have extended their sympathy to the point of encouraging them in their mistaken idea of the Malines Conversations, and generally in their line of conduct and thought. So we have the "Anglo-Catholic" organ throwing out the suggestion that it is among them and at Malines that the "mind of Rome" is seen, not in what Cardinal Bourne said at York. We have to remember what it was that Cardinal Bourne was answering at York. It was the "continuity" claim: the assertion that the Anglican Church of today, in which the vast majority do not believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass, and many do not believe in the Divinity of Christ, is the legitimate successor, in full continuity, of the pre-Reformation Catholic Church in England which was in communion with, and subject to, Rome. And, it is suggested that, in refuting this, Cardinal Bourne was not expressing the "mind of the Pope" It is quite impossible that anything said by a Catholic anywhere should have formed the basis for such a suggestion. But there is catastrophic misunderstanding arising from the fact that "Anglo-Catholics," in their exposition of their beliefs, use the common terms of theology in an entirely different sense from that universally understod by Catholics.

There are, of course, a thousand ways in which the Faith does not enter, in which Catholics and non-Catholics meet and coöperate in the ordinary affairs of daily life. There are, of course, a thousand occasions on which Catholics meet and talk to non-Catholics to enlighten them on the Faith itself—the work given by God to the Ecclesia docens, what Cardinal Mercier was doing at Malines. But as regards conferences, associations aliisque similibus, the Holy Office is clear. And nothing could be more unequivocally explicit than the words of Pope Benedict XV, quoted above.

There must be no misunderstanding. Nothing must be said or done to encourage false hopes. The truth must always be spoken in words of two syllables; but it can be accompanied by the utmost charity. Those who have been in contact with "Anglo-Catholics" will go further and say "sympathy." Claims that they are putting forward at the moment are so illogical, unhistorical, untheological, as to cause amazement, even indignation. But we have to think out their position, to try to understand their feelings.

I write of such good men in the movement as I know. They are Christians, fighting their way against great odds, to a return to Catholicity. They can justly claim that they have revivified among their people a sense of the spiritual in religion which was utterly lacking in Protestantism before the Oxford Movement arose. They have thought themselves, during three generations, into a conviction that they are Catholics. Now they are faced with two facts, one material, the other mainly psychical.

In the first place, the time has come when the English Catholic has to reply: "I am very sorry, but you are heretics." His charity and sympathy do not allow him to use these words, but that is what it comes to in the end, and they know it. And, in proportion as their hopes are expressed in more and more advanced, and more and more illogically, unhistorically and untheologically worded claims, the clearer must the reply be. In the second place, the Anglican who has thought himself into the conviction of his "Catholicism" is part of a system which originated three hundred years ago, and more. With its theological and historical foundations, with the affirmation of "idolatry" of the Sacrifice of the Mass, for instance, with the supremacy of the civil power in things ecclesiastical, he entirely disagrees. But he is in it and cannot get out. It is the conflict between his "Catholicism" in feeling and his Protestantism in fact, his subconscious effort to unite the un-unitable, that drives him—in many cases that one knows, in real good faith—to the lengths recently seen. He is in a deep sand-pit dug by his Reformer ancestors. Whenever he climbs there comes a slide which carries him back to the bottom.

One instance has happened into print very recently. What must have been the feelings of the Anglican who, having thought himself, with struggle, into a "Catholic" atmosphere, found his bishop, who was to represent his church at the Lausanne conference on faith and order, starting there in this frame of mind!

> As to sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper have been put forward as the bond of union. Christ taught that His people were to do certain things, but not that they should have a particular opinion about them.

Two things, however, cannot fail him, even at the bottom of the pit. There is always a ladder, which he sees, and which cannot be moved because God is holding it at the top. And he has ancestors older than the Reformers, who are always praying.

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"OUR AMERICA"

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

ONE inestimable privilege we enjoy at the present time in America. However troubled are the waters and confused the winds, they drift and whirl about a central point. The intellectual anarchy of the age is an anarchy of method and approach, and not primarily of problem. The era is, quite simply, that of our coming to self-consciousness as a nation and as a people. Something of what this means is seen by a glance back over our biography.

The period from the Revolution to the Civil War saw the lusty crying of a child still trailing clouds of European glory. America's significance was then in the future: as the place where hopes hatched in eighteenth-century England or France, or even earlier in mediaeval Europe, might at last grow and prosper in a freer land. The nation was conceived of as a kind of bridge between the local and the universal. Franklin was first a citizen of Philadelphia and then of the world; the nation he strove to organize was the invaluable meeting-place of the two. The situation was still essentially the same with Emerson: a citizen of Concord and then of the world—save that his world was the ideal world of poets and philosophers. Our "golden day"—Mr. Mumford's phrase seems likely to become classic—was a day of faith, not a day of attainment other than the attainment of faith which in itself is sometimes enough to produce great literature. The United States was not yet a fact with the hard, constraining outlines which facts possess; it was the dream of a nation-to-be, consecrated to freedom, justice and the truth of things.

Then came the Civil War, challenging the dream. Fortune, hitherto apparently our invincible ally, turned and drove us a blow straight between the eyes. We arose, stunned, incapable of thought. The nation had suddenly, and by our wills, as we supposed, become a fact. But we had not the least idea what to do with it. At first the general assumption was that the fact was only the dream come true, with its freshness somewhat tarnished after the manner of dreams come true. Freedom, justice and the truth of things being now definitely established, there was no need to worry further about them. The meaning of the ideals of the previous half-century, reduced to practical terms, was plainly that America was the ideal place for making money. So, with a clear conscience, we devoted ourselves to making it, only occasionally stopping to remark upon the wonderful way in which American idealism was being preserved, or upon our striking likeness to the children we once were. "We are still so young," we said, as we bled our immigrants in mine and mill and factory; "we are still so young," we repeated cheerfully as we watched the growing corruption of our politics. It was the time when Oscar Wilde satirically commented, "America's youth is its oldest tradition." For a full generation the American intellect slumbered. Twenty-five years and more without a single statesman worthy of the name—we who had had a score of them during the Revolution!

Then, at the turn of the century, a chance encounter half awakened us. In the course of defeating one of the feeblest nations of Europe we made a surprising spectacle of ourselves—surprising most of all to ourselves. The Spanish War did two things—it roused a sudden determination to put our house in order, and it forced us to accept the strange, absurd fact that there were other nations in the world besides our own. American self-consciousness began. In its first phase, that of the equivocal Roosevelt period, it revealed its two persistent aspects. Self-consciousness is the child of doubt; as long as affairs go smoothly, we live as unreflective as the animals; it is when we meet an obstacle that we must halt and take stock of our resources. This adding up one's bank-account, for nations as for individuals, is apt to disclose further unpleasant surprises. What then is to be done? One way is that of assertion—to bluff the situation through (rarely a successful policy for individuals in dealing with banks, but possible, for a time, with nations in their dealing with other nations); the other is that of criticism—a search for the causes and the remedies of financial and moral over-drafts. It was Roosevelt's curious distinction to have held both of these antagonistic points of view at once, and in doing so to be typical of an era which believed in the efficacy of "muck-raking" at home and the waving of "the big stick" abroad. This incongruous union of half-hearted imperialism and half-hearted liberalism marked a period which had not yet fully shaken itself awake out of its long, fatuous doze.

The shaking process was of course greatly accelerated by the European war. Here was a real danger, not a fanciful one. The very existence of American institutions seemed, potentially at least, imperiled. So we fought the good fight to preserve them unchanged and emerged from the war to discover that somehow they had got changed during the process. We, or Great Britain, or France, or Italy defeated Germany. Certain it is, at any rate, that Germany was defeated. But equally certain is it that we played our part only at the cost of temporarily Germanizing ourselves. Our liberties had a curiously Teutonic look about them after the war. Jefferson would never have recognized them; Lincoln would have wondered at them in their quaint disguise. Nor was it they alone which changed. Everything wore an unfamiliar look. The obedient young men whom we sent into the war returned no longer obedient, with strange, new ways of

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speech and stranger ways of action. Their sisters were quick to catch and even better the instruction. Something never seen in America before became the tone of the hour—cynicism. And questions thronged: what are we Americans up to, anyway? where are we going? what have we wanted in the past? what do we want now? Our traditional democracy and liberty—our traditional standards of morality—where are they? What of them can be retained, what of them must be remade?

Such are some of the problems with which the war left us, problems which stare at us today. There are the same two ways of meeting them: the way of bluff and the way of criticism. Outwardly, and at a casual view, the way of bluff has conquered. Thus it may be well to analyze it for a moment as expressed in the latest work of one of its most popular representatives.

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard is important because he voices the convictions of thousands of unreflective Americans. His Re-Forging America* is the natural successor to The Rising Tide of Color. In each, Mr. Stoddard plays skilfully upon racial fears. He is devoted to an idea long abandoned by anthropologists, that of innate and unchangeable racial characteristics, and he is secretly obsessed by another, that of Anglo-Saxon superiority, which he tries to camouflage by using such phrases as "old-stock American," or "real American," when he means "Anglo-Saxon," and by using the word "difference," when he means "superiority." He is equally careful to avoid the discredited word "Nordic," without avoiding the idea. The naked thesis of his book, when the drapery is removed, proves to be the dogma that America is, was, and ever shall be, dominantly Nordic and Anglo-Saxon. The nation was "forged" by Nordics or "real Americans"; the mold was broken by the hordes of Southern Europeans admitted between the Civil War and the Johnson Act of 1924; but the only part that counts today is the Nordic or "real American" portion, mainly in the Middle-West and Far West, which, according to Mr. Stoddard's frequently careless figures (e. g., on page 93, the average imigration, 1915-24, is given as "over 500,000" while on page 207 it has grown to be 1,500,000) quantitatively is still somewhat more than half of the whole, and qualitatively—witness the superiority of the manly West to the degenerate East—is, one would guess, about four-fifths of it. The "re-forging" is now to be accomplished by these Nordics or "real Americans" under the lead of Mr. Stoddard. There is much talk about "American culture" but no slightest attempt to state in what American culture consists. As to where we are going, what we really want, what we really are, Mr. Stoddard has, however, ready answers: we are not going anywhere, we want to stay just as we are, and we are "American." By the hypnotic iteration of this word, he thinks to solve all problems. And if he cannot make it clear legally, he more than hints that he may resort to force.

> We Americans have built up our America, and we cherish it so supremely that no one should honestly blame us for our resolve that it shall be kept "American." . . . First and last, let us make it unalterably clear that our America is going to fulfill its national destiny. . . . Any immigrant group or combination of groups which meddles with America's re-forging is going to get hurt [for they belong to] that large category of persons who are "American citizens, but not Americans!"

By his emphasis on this quite illegal distinction, Mr. Stoddard shows himself to possess not an Anglo-Saxon but a desperado mind. For the Anglo-Saxon, whatever his other merits or defects, has been generally characterized by his respect for at least the forms of law. One fears that Mr. Stoddard must have been secretly corrupted by some insidious South European or Bolshevist propaganda.

But something too much of Mr. Stoddard. The homogeneous Nordic block which he envisages is of course a myth; the "aliens" who have entered into the fibre of this country since the Civil War are here to stay, to bear children, and to continue to influence the national character. The idea of "keeping" America anything is a vain delusion; America, like every other part of the world, will change. The significant thing about its present condition is the concentrated endeavor of all its best minds to determine the causes and direction of its movement. Even so feeble an effort as Mr. Stoddard's is a part of our national self-criticism. Our blatant "100 percent Americanism" is only the passing foam tossed up on a deeper wave. Our pseudo-patriots engaged in flattering the passions of the hour are of little moment in comparison with the actual patriots who are concerned in seeking our abiding soul.

The endeavor to grasp the meaning of America—an endeavor, beginning as far back as Crane, Norris, and Hovey—has inspired the work of the newer novelists and poets, the new school of literary and sociological criticism, the host of new critical magazines whose latest banner-bearer is The Commonweal itself. No one need be deceived by the movies, tabloids, and their ilk. America is busy doing some hard thinking in terms of hard realities. The outcome will not be determined by panic or bluff. Nor is America a pocket borough to be owned by Mr. Stoddard or anyone else. "Our America" is not ours but we are hers; and she is the world's. The significance of America in the last analysis must depend, exactly like that of Greece and Rome and every other nation, upon what of universal truth and spiritual beauty America incarnates in a local form. Let us be less concerned lest we perish, as Greece and Rome perished; more concerned that, when we perish, as assuredly we must one day, we leave behind us some legacy comparable in value to that of Greece or Rome.

**Re-Forging America, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.*

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FRAGMENTS OF BARDSTOWN HISTORY

By MARGARET B. DOWNING

IN THIS year of 1927, the traveler to Bardstown, in Nelson County, Kentucky, may be attracted by one of three magnets coincidently related to the great divisions of time, the past, the present and the future. Bardstown of the past is epitomized in Saint Joseph's Cathedral, the first seat of episcopal authority established beyond the Alleghanies, whose chronicles are a contribution to the study of religious, civic and cultural development in the initial expansion of this mighty republic. Bardstown of the present, a pleasant little city of about three thousand souls, has in recent years called national attention to its zeal for truth and beauty. In dedicating as a state park the acreage surrounding the mansion in which the wandering minstrel, Stephen Foster, wrote My Old Kentucky Home, the citizens have sought to repay their debt to the bard who found a refuge within their borders and linked the name of the state imperishably with the songs of the people. Bardstown of the future is exemplified by its plan to pay homage to another unfortunate genius, John Fitch, whom all Kentuckians—but by no means they alone—believe to have been the genuine inventor of the steamboat for which Robert Fulton received the fame and fortune. Preparations are now progressing for the erection of the statue of Fitch, and the small city holds, in behalf of truth, a large commission in the future. Already many visitors are attracted thither by a careful reading of the Fitch documents, and a desire to learn the local traditions. Whatever the verdict, Bardstown has played a part in the final solution.

In 1827, Bardstown was the centre of Catholicism beyond the mountains, in that vast, mysterious domain called "the West," which all travelers entered immediately they crossed the Alleghanies or took the river route from Pittsburgh. When episcopal authority was established for the first time outside the confines of the thirteen original states, in the subdivision of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, this small town, incorporated November 4, 1788, by the legislature of Virginia, was appropriately selected. Already a thriving settlement when Kentucky was admitted to the union in 1792, it had been a favorite spot for Catholic immigrants since 1776. One hundred years ago it celebrated the Holy Year which had been proclaimed for the western diocese for 1826-1827.

Two bishops dwelt within its urban limits—Benedict Joseph Flaget, and his coadjutor, John Baptist Mary David. They had sown the seed together and they could not fail to be overjoyed by the plenitude of the harvest. Bardstown was raised to the episcopal dignity in 1808 with Boston, New York and Philadelphia, but it was not until 1811 that the spiritual shepherds arrived. In the missions since they had set foot on American soil, they had been detained in Baltimore for the sad reason that the party had not the wherewithal for the journey, and neither would permit a taxation of their future charges. Bishop Flaget was then in his forty-ninth year, and Bishop David reached Kentucky on the day he passed the half century milestone.

Sixteen years later in 1827, the stateliest church of the West had risen to glorify Bardstown: an edifice which today, after the lapse of 111 years, is of sound and worthy architecture unsurpassed in Kentucky. Saint Thomas's Seminary and Saint Joseph's College were seats of learning which were eulogized, even in the halls of Congress, and to which students had flocked in such numbers that new buildings were a pressing need. In an old year-book of the seminary, it has recently been noted that, among the boys who sought the advantages to be derived at Saint Thomas's when Bishop Flaget and Bishop David were in charge, was Jefferson Davis.

The episcopal palace of 1811, a log cabin sixteen feet long separated into two parts—the chapel and the living-room and refectory, combined with an attic—had given way to a substantial brick edifice. The small city was, indeed, on the crest of the wave. Bishop David wrote to his learned friend, the Dominican prelate at Cincinnati, Bishop Benedict Fenwick, that he was finishing the printing of a new catechism containing the feasts of the Church, and offered the results of his labors to his brother in Cincinnati. He was busy with plans to have the Church music printed, and inquired about possibilities in Cincinnati.

Pretty parish churches had begun to dot the green hills of Kentucky and the sylvan aspect was rapidly being changed by chartered cities. It was the age when eloquence flourished. Clay, Marshall, Breckenridge and Crittenden held political audiences spell-bound, and so wise a shepherd as Flaget could not fail to lay particular stress on sermons. Great was the commotion caused by the sermons preached in the cathedral at the jubilee services by two young priests with names portentous of the future, Father George A. M. Elder and Father Francis P. Kenrick. Protestants hastening to enjoy the feast were edified and frequently converted, with the result that a tremendous controversy waged for months, and ministers of varying denominations tilted with the priests, who had been prepared for the spiritual battles by such masters of learning and piety as the two Sulpician bishops. Those were exciting days in Nelson County. Frequently the whole issue of a country paper was taken up with the text of the sermons, which were devoured by the readers with the avidity displayed in these days toward best-sellers.

In Saint Joseph's, now called the proto-cathedral,

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hang a Murillo, The Crowning of the Virgin; three splendid paintings by Van Dyck, The Winged Saint Mark, Saint Peter in Chains and The Coming of the Baptist; one by Rubens, The Flaying of Saint Bartholomew, and two by Van Eyck, The Annunciation and The Descent of the Holy Ghost. Over the altar, the gift of Father Nerinckx, is one of the largest canvases of the Crucifixion in this country. The artist, Van Bree, was probably a friend of the venerated missionary for he was born in 1773 and died in 1839.

It would be difficult to name any church, convent, college, any seat of learning, any library, public or private, any home or institution, which in 1826 could claim paintings by renowned masters such as hung on the walls of the Bardstown cathedral. These pictures formed the first collection of the old masters on the soil of the republic, for, except in detached instances, the ancestral portraits and valuable canvases which now adorn museums and palatial mansions came across the ocean in the more mellow days of the declining nineteenth century. Thus beauty and culture came to the "dark and bloody ground" as well as the Faith, when Bishop Flaget and Bishop David entered its boundaries.

A diverting chapter has recently been added to the Bardstown annals by one of her worthiest Catholic sons, Mr. Ben Johnson, who, after representing this historic section of Kentucky in the House of Representatives for twenty years, is about to retire from public life. With Mr. Johnson, Bardstown history is sancrosanct when it bears on the cathedral and its justly prized treasures of art. A paper read some two or three years ago at the Filson Club, the name under which Louisville camouflages its excellent historical society, treated the claims of these early Catholics of Bardstown that the pictures were genuine old masters and likewise royal gifts, rather cavalierly and the idea of "myth" was suggested.

Tradition, as many have observed, is not history, but is universally accepted as her handmaiden. Local tradition in Bardstown served history most creditably when, in vindication of the memory of its early shepherds, Congressman Johnson recalled the loyal efforts of his far-off predecessor in the national House of Representatives, Charles Wickliffe, to aid Bishop Flaget to get in his art treasures free of duty. He began a patient search of the Congressional Record, and finally discovered what he sought, under the year 1824. This was the private petition of Flaget that his works of art—described as paintings, chalices, vestments and other articles of church furniture—the gift of the duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe, king of France) be entered gratis. Congress did not act on the petition, nor on two later bills introduced by Representative Wickliffe. The Bishop, however, had collected the necessary sum from his people, and in 1826, at the jubilee, all his treasures were in place. Besides Louis Philippe, whom the bishop had known in his exile in this country in the years 1797, 1798, 1799, Francis I, king of Naples, whose daughter the Orleanist had married, as a benefactor, and Leo XII had contributed to this zealous diocese a golden tabernacle, candelabra and vestments.

In a bill presented to Congress on March 19, 1832, Representative Wickliffe at last secured favorable action. This bill asked that "Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown in Kentucky be reimbursed for the money spent in paying the duties on paintings and other articles of church furniture which had been presented to him many years since by the duke of Orleans, now the king of France." Mr. Johnson had photostatic copies made of every bill and even every reference found in the debates of Congress on the subject, together with the Treasury warrant for the refund, and these, with ample text, have been made into a compact book. There are fifteen of these valuable volumes which have been placed in important libraries of Kentucky. One was supplied to the Filson Club.

Bishop Flaget's intimate journal, which is the basis of all personal history of the Catholic religion in Kentucky, and from which all must draw material in treating this subject, shows under what circumstances the prelate first met the exiled duke of Orleans. It was when he had presented a purse filled with gold collected by the sympathetic residents of Havana, and in their behalf had addressed some words of kindness and good cheer—an episode which Spalding, in his life of Flaget, says "bore fruit when the penniless Orleanist became king of France and the curé was Bishop of Bardstown."

Bardstown little dreamed how short her glory as an episcopal city was to endure. What remains inexplicable in that Bishop Flaget, French to the core and therefore bound by tradition, a native of Contournat of Auvergne—"spotless Auvergne," where the ties of the past were unbreakable—having made the episcopal tradition of Bardstown, should, of his own volition, have destroyed it. In the journal just referred to may be gleaned the reasons impelling the prelate to favor the transfer of the seat of the diocese to Louisville, and his petition to Gregory XVI. It would appear after this interval of time rather ruthless, considering the work which the Bardstown Catholics had accomplished in his behalf and against desperate odds. But in the ironic inconclusiveness to which time brings many decisions, it has not been so fruitful a change as Flaget foretold. Nor has the harvest of faith in Kentucky fulfilled, in numbers, at least, the promise of the painful and abundant planting. After 140 years, its Catholic population is barely one-seventeenth of all who profess any religious belief.

Paradox

You were never quite so tall
As when you stooped before me,
And I feared lest you should see
I was never quite so small.

A. E. Clear.

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TRAINING THE INTELLIGENTSIA

By J. B. M. CLARK

"THE teaching of journalism is a new venture as far as we are concerned," said the headmaster of the Polytechnic Institute in a certain Pacific coast town to me. "But the demand seems to be there, all right, and we think it should be possible to meet it. So go ahead and see what you can make of it."

The raw material for this venture into the world of letters comprised a wide variety of types united by the common bond of a desire to appear in print. There were two large-eyed young things from city offices, coyly defiant about their inherent ability to write love stories; a grizzled Scotchman in the late forties, of multifarious experience, then employed in an iron foundry; two returned and reconstructed soldiers, boys with a mature viewpoint; a Japanese bent on a knowledge of English—smiling, suspicious, taciturn; a Russian ditto, urbane, polite, demonstrative; an elderly, drapery saleswoman of an argumentative turn, who had had pieces printed without payment, and had written many letters to editors; a drums-and-effects man from a popular cafeteria who had published much "uplift" material—also without compensation; a pair of youthful lovers who had "taken the story-writing course at college and just wanted finishing"; a mechanic fired by the possibilities of technical journalism; a bald-headed town councilor thirsting for self-expression; and a handful of nondescripts.

An informal talk on what it was proposed to undertake resulted in a certain amount of sorting out. The lovers promptly disappeared and were not seen again. The wide-eyed young things, visibly dashed by the announcement that no fiction would be tackled for some time, resigned themselves with sighs to newspaper paragraphs. The Russian was courteous but noncommittal; the smile of the Japanese looked like scepticism. The drapery saleswoman voiced vehement suggestions, while drums-and-effects, evidently anxious to demonstrate acceptances, deposited a sheaf of previous efforts on my desk, culled from unheard-of publications. The soldiers sat at attention, and the nondescripts were mildly curious.

With the realization of the dismal fact that results depended more on individual effort than on revelations of journalistic mysteries and short-cuts, there came a slackening of interest and a falling off in numbers. About half of the nondescripts faded away, one after another, without comment. The returned soldiers, torn between pool and an aroused sense of lost opportunities, strove gallantly with "the most interesting thing seen in the streets today" and obituary notices. But presently they, too, succumbed. The Russian was called away suddenly to another part of the country, and the Japanese, unconvinced on a point of grammar after multitudinous references to textbooks, retired.

A tendency to argument and a cast-iron rigidity of principle in the make-up of the drapery saleswoman proved to be an insurmountable obstacle. She would not, she declared, write anything for any editor—or for that matter for anybody—she herself did not believe to be true. While admitting the excellence of such an ethical standard, I sought to induce the lady to temper it with discretion. But she could not be so induced. The issue was fought out on a question of whether or not it was dangerous to eat cherries and drink milk at the same time. A paragraphing exercise on the blackboard had quoted an authority on dietetics to the effect that it was not.

"The thing's nonsense," said the drapery saleswoman briskly. "I've tried it myself and been mighty sick. Don't expect me to write a paragraph about a thing like that. I would be writing falsehoods."

I suggested that reportorial duty might conceivably lead the lady at some future date to interview some celebrity who might voice that or other views abhorrent to her sense of veracity, but who would have to be so reported, nevertheless. She declared she would simply not so report them. Nothing would persuade her to put down in black and white what she knew was not true. After trying in vain to adjust the moral difficulty satisfactorily, I was forced to retire discomfited. The lady was adamant. Reference later on to some of her letters to editors revealed these to be of a severe and controversial nature, dealing mainly with drink, white slavery and dope fiends.

Drums-and-effects was rather the wistful type. His past literary successes had embraced the home, what a fellow owes his mother, and the delusion of attempting to settle quarrels by force of arms. Unobtrusive, obedient, he sat at the back of the class room, and his quiet smile and steady eye rarely failed to cheer and encourage me when my gaze encountered them. Yet from a journalistic point of view his case was well-nigh hopeless. In age he might have been in the late thirties. What was it his life had lacked that would have made him interesting? Drums-and-effects, as a business proposition, paid pretty well. Had things come too easily to his hand? He might, one would have supposed, have been able to tell many interesting things about drums-and-effects themselves. But he could not be persuaded to write about drums-and-effects at all. They did not interest him. Apparently he performed joylessly, his soul seeking escape the while in dreams of how he might better his fellows.

Yet the hopelessness of drums-and-effects was naught to the hopelessness of the Scotch ironworker, who had been a seafaring man, a miner, a machinist and even a hobo. But all of his contact with the rough-and-tumble of life had done little but fill him with an

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obsession on the subject of the need for strong trade unions. One felt, with a curious sense of impotence, that somehow he did not regulate his life properly. His abode was far from his foundry, and he had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to make car connections. He waited downtown on class nights, and conveyed the impression (I do not quite know how) that he had gone minus his evening meal. Sometimes he would inform me (with tears in his eyes) that he had intended to do an exercise the night before, but that his wife crowded the kitchen table with sewing material, and his boy had to use the parlor table for lessons.

A composite man, I sometimes felt, comprising in his make-up the steadiness and application of drums-and-effects and the workaday experience and smarting sense of injustice of the ironworker might have been promising material to work with. Each seemed to lack something the other possessed.

The wide-eyed young things were dears. One brought her mother to class with her occasionally, but whether this was done with the proprieties in mind, or for the purpose of a maternal gauging of educational progress, was never made too clear. The other young thing, recommended to study Hergesheimer's Three Black Pennys, got Linda Condon instead, and surveyed me with startled reproach for some time afterward. But our relations were not permanently impaired. Both girls saw the term through, and made a beginning with their love stories.

The town councilor was possessed of a troublesome desire to address the class which was restrained only with difficulty, and which finally broke forth at an unexpected moment in the form of a rambling announcement about the projected visit of some lesser literary light to the city under the auspices of a society of which he, the town councilor, was chairman. A mild rebuke administered after class hours was received with considerable umbrage by this gentleman, and his interest in the proceedings dwindled noticeably thereafter. But he stayed with us for most of the session.

Of all this material, the young mechanic proved to be the most profitable. He followed the rules of the game, took some good photographs, and, possessed of an instinct for the unusual, speedily registered a hit with a technical magazine—at which he was much elated. One or two of the nondescripts, too, revealed what at times looked like latent talent, but whether or not they "stayed with it" after the term was over I had not the opportunity to discover.

Of those desiring to express themselves through the medium of the written word there is apparently no lack. Their name, indeed, appears to be legion. But whether or not it is possible to teach the art remains, as far as the writer is concerned, an open question. It is certain that, in a class meeting two nights a week, for one hour each night, one can do little more than indicate the snags and pitfalls and seek to drive home Mark Twain's three rules: Write, Write, Write. A personal study of each pupil is out of the question.

WHAT IS SACRED MUSIC?

By JAMES P. DUNN

IT IS one of the chief glories of the divine art of music that it seems to be capable of transcending the demarcations of creed and the intellectual barriers of religious opinion. Thus it goes further, perhaps, than any other human art or agency toward the realization of the ideal of the saintly Pontiff Pius X, of making "all things one in Christ." Protestants raise their tongues in paeans of praise for the wondrous beauty and heavenly mysticism of Palestrina's masses; they eulogize the splendors of the polyphony of Vittoria and his school, impregnated as this music is with the innermost spirit of Catholicism. Catholics, on the other hand, give homage to the sublime austerity of some of the Lutheran chorales; they laud the sacred achievements of the English Tudor school, and such has been their admiration for some of the simpler Protestant hymns of the congregational type that one does not wonder at finding these actually sung in Catholic churches. Going further, it may be remarked that Christians in general are not insensible to the solemnity and grandeur of such Hebraic chants as the Kol Nidrei.

Nor is this admiration confined to music composed as an intrinsic part of the ritual and intended to be rendered at the actual service. Catholics accord the highest place to the sacred compositions of such Protestant composers as Bach, Mendelssohn and Handel. This, in turn, is reciprocated by the non-Catholic esteem for such works as Elgar's Dream of Gerontius, even though the latter be a tonal utterance of such a peculiarly Catholic doctrine as that of purgatory.

Even in the field of absolute music one finds the Protestant commentator, Mr. Arthur Farwell, proclaiming in the program note of the New York Symphony Society's first American performance, that the beauties of such a work as Elgar's A Flat Symphony could only proceed from the mind of one imbued and inspired by the splendor of Catholicism and similarly, non-Catholics have been foremost in pointing out the nebulous and intangible glories of the music of César Franck are but the result of the spirit of mysticism which must have infused itself in his soul as a result of a lifetime spent in a Catholic organ loft.

It is to be regretted that the unifying force which characterizes the work of those who write music does not always enter into the labors of those who write about music. Occasionally statements appear in which the ugly taint of religious bigotry is only too evident. Such, unfortunately is the case with the article What Is Sacred Music? by Mr. Orlando Mansfield, of Cheltenham, England, in the July issue of the Musical Quarterly, New York: an effusion whose literary qualities ill conceal the anti-Catholic animus behind it. The high character of the periodical which sponsors this article invests it with a certain standing and importance which seem to the writer to make it

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imperative that some of its statements be not allowed to go unnoticed and unchallenged.

Mr. Mansfield begins by informing us that he will proceed analytically, showing what music is not sacred. In the course of this procedure, he brings forth a number of theories denoted variously as pertaining to quality, purpose, association, locality. This accomplished, he carries out a promise to proceed synthetically, showing what sacred music really is. May the writer be forgiven, if, even as Mr. Mansfield does, he first proceeds analytically by quoting several statements to which he desires to take vigorous exception, and then, turning to synthesis, endeavors to appraise the article as a whole?

Mr. Mansfield's article is not without a certain amount of pseudo-scholarliness which is peculiarly its own, and about which we will say more later. Therefore, one may set down merely as a lapsus linguae the rather astonishing statement which attributes De Koven's well-known O Promise Me to Teresa del Riego. But forbearance fails when one comes to the following:

> Poor Mr. Rockstro, of Torquay, whose anti-Protestantism landed him into many serious errors, and, finally, into the Church of Rome.

Now, it will be noted that Mr. Mansfield does not *explicitly state the Church of Rome to be an error.* Nevertheless, the innuendo is so manifest that one can only wonder at the state of mind which prevents him from stating directly what he so plainly insinuates.

More astonishing is the following ebullition:

> To quote once more from Mr. Wiseman: "The characteristic quality of sacred music is consonance with the thoughts and feelings which the religious man cultivates and his worship expresses. Music that stimulates or suggests such sentiments, or is in harmony with them, is sacred for the age and among the people for which it has that effect." Had a former head of the Roman Church only realized this, his Motu Proprio would never have been issued.

Taking a pot-shot at the Holy Father has always been a procedure eminently gratifying to the type of intelligence with which the Ku Klux Klan and the Know-nothings have familiarized us. I trust I may be pardoned for "wondering out loud" as to what readers of the Quarterly think of being provided with this sort of intellectual provender, particularly as Mr. Mansfield offers absolutely no substantiation for his own pontifical ipse dixit.

This is the next exhibit:

> Thus amongst hymn-tunes we should regard as justly entitled to the prefix "sacred" the best of the ancient and modern English psalm-tunes, of every period since the Reformation, remembering that the old "Church tunes" of the Reformation or the Elizabethan age are not only finer than the German chorals of that age, but were written by Protestant musicians, probably by some of the church musicians who fled to the continent of Europe during the Marian persecution; also that they were primarily designed for church use, and are absolutely free from secular associations.

One cannot help but ask Mr. Mansfield whether no English hymn nor psalm-tunes "justly entitled to the prefix sacred" were written before the Reformation; and, if they were, what is the singular mental state which forbids their being utilized to cast light on the question in hand? Also, one wonders why a spirit of historical completeness did not cause Mr. Mansfield to make some reference to the immense losses suffered by art in general and music in particular during the time of bluff King Hal.

Subsequently Mr. Mansfield has this to say:

> As to plain-song, its performance in the worship-music of the Protestant churches is incongruous; and since, according to M. Gevaert, the eminent plain-song historian, these chants are probably adaptations from popular pagan music, we should need more assurance as to their origin before giving them unquestioned admittance to our selected list. The late Reverend E. Husband once remarked, "The winter of Gregorianism is past; the time of the singing of Handel and Mendelssohn is come." The world of music in general, and of sacred music in particular, would be all the better if this statement were absolutely true.

Now, with the affirmation of the incongruity of singing plain-chant in the Protestant churches one is inclined to agree. Also, the accuracy of the writer's summation of Gevaert's theory, and the accuracy of the theory itself with regard to the origin of the chant, may be left to better qualified critics to answer. But when the public is told that the world of music would be better off were the Reverend E. Husband's statement absolutely true, one can but throw up one's hands before the most gorgeous non sequitur upon which the eyes have feasted in many a day.

To come, now, to the matter of synthesis, and to summarize the effect of the article in general.

First of all, enough examples have been given to elucidate clearly the frame of mind of the writer, and to impeach the value, for any scholarly, serious purpose, of an article so evidently animated by the anti-Catholic frame of mind which the excerpts betoken.

Secondly, it may be observed that, while the title of Mr. Mansfield's article presages an attempt to answer the question "What is sacred music?" what he really attempts to do is to answer the question "What is sacred music for the purpose of the Protestant churches?" Of course, no one questions that this second procedure is Mr. Mansfield's privilege. However, it would have been more honest to define his real intention at the outset, instead of causing readers to wade through some twenty pages in expectation of obtaining an answer to the more general query.

I have earlier said that the article possesses a pseudo-scholarliness peculiarly its own. Its character is indi-

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cated by the fact that, beyond the few disparaging remarks quoted, the paper fails to elucidate its thesis by the slightest reference to the immense treasure-house of sacred music possessed by the Catholic Church. It is difficult to impute to anything but the blindness of bigotry the failure of one writing on such a subject to neglect this thesaurus of musical art, antedating, as it does, all non-Catholic developments in the field by practically a thousand years, and equalling, in the present day, the achievements outside the fold.

In conclusion, one more cause for astonishment may be signalized. Mr. Mansfield seems to be no exception to the rule which prompts nationally minded critics to sing the praises of their compatriots. His article leaves us in no doubt as to the splendors of the English hymn-tune, the glories of Anglican chant and the magnificant accomplishments of the Elizabethan composer, William Byrd. How, then, can one account for his failing to mention England's greatest native composer, Sir Edward Elgar—perhaps one of the five greatest living musicians, and one whose finest activities lie peculiarly in the field of sacred music? Is it because Elgar has committed the sin of being a Catholic?

COMMUNICATIONS

ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Hopkins's repetition of my statement sounded much more harsh than I had any intention of being. As it seems I did not make myself clear, possibly a brief mention of the points I meant to make would help.

1. Judging from his description of immigrants, he must not know that the Europeans who land on our shores are neither hopelessly ignorant nor unable to learn, and that aside from that, they are often very thrifty.

2. He must not know, likewise, that the percentage of illiterates and indigents in the native-born population is greater than in the foreign.

Far be it from me to desire or advocate that our fair land be made a dumping-ground for Europe. The fewer undesirables we get, and the more we get rid of, the better.

As far as the question of woman in politics is concerned, she has in the past done her share in the home and sometimes she does now, but you must admit that the tendency to public life is not conducive to that end, and that experience proves it. As Jefferson fought against that tendency in his day, it is logical to conclude that he would have fought harder against the same tendency grown stronger in our day.

Father Mathew's visit to this country was so short, Archbishop Ireland's work could hardly be said to take its place. That he is still a living influence in his own little green isle, the fact that his name is still a household word makes clear. But truly, neither the Volstead Law nor the pledge will ever, of itself, make total abstainers or temperate men, but only the determination to face and bear the difficulties of life instead of drowning them in drink or stifling them with drugs, when drink is not obtainable. Between the practice advocated by Father Mathew and that sponsored by the Anti-saloon League there is all the difference between the act of a free man and the act of a slave. Dress and drink are both essentials. Elegant dress and liquor are non-essentials, sometimes harmful. Would you have legislation with regard to dress? Is not a law for either one or the other a harking back to the old "blue laws"? Though it is true that Archbishop Ireland and other ecclesiastics have sponsored the Anti-saloon League or its ideas, it is equally true that the late gentle Cardinal of Baltimore opposed it.

With regard to the one insignificant point Mr. Hopkins got from my other letter, it was of too little consequence to be considered information, especially in consideration of "keeping our heroes orthodox." A statement that there were Lawlers in colonial Baltimore might have been honored with the title, and indeed might have been information to some people, but it would have had nothing to do with me. The personal fact was simply mentioned as evidence that I spoke not in apology for those other ancestors who were more recent arrivals on our shores, but on the strength of my descent from others who bore the burden of the day and the heat thereof.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

THE SPELLING OF "NEGRO"

Ridge, Md.

TO the Editor:—I was sorry to see in the issue of The Commonweal for September 21, in the editorial The Negro in the North, the repeated spelling of the word "Negro" with a small "n." The spelling of Webster to the contrary notwithstanding, there is as little reason for the spelling of "Negro" with a small "n" as there is for spelling "Caucasian" with a small "c."

A few months ago we received an inquiry here from an otherwise intelligent young white woman, for "a young negress." Why not a "young caucasianess?"

A few days ago the Baltimore Sun carried an account of the appointments to the Maryland Inter-racial Commission, and in listing its personnel, carefully used a courtesy title before the name of each white woman member, and as carefully omitted it in referring to the colored women members. This is the second offense of the Sun—with regard to the personnel of the Inter-racial Commission, of all organizations! Irony, surely, however unintentional.

The Commonweal has probably not given any thought to the matter. It has certainly shown a most friendly interest in the Negro group.

Some years ago there was in existence in Washington, D. C., a "Correspondents' Club," whose members were pledged to see that no friendly comment in the white press passed without a word of appreciation; that no adverse comment, if unjustified, passed without a challenge, supported by facts; that the use of the capital "N" in the spelling of "Negro" should be urged wherever its absence was noted; and that the word "Negress" should be tabu as objectionable and unnecessary, with or without the capital. The membership of this club is now badly scattered. Of that membership, I was probably the youngest and the least. The president of the Federated Colored Catholics of America, the organization to which reference was made in the editorial referred to above, is a one-time member.

There is need of a new "Correspondents' Club." In the meantime, will not The Commonweal please do its bit toward stimulating mutual respect between the races, by the consistent use of the capital "N" in spelling the word "Negro"?

CONSTANCE HAZEL DANIEL,
Cardinal Gibbons Institute.

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POEMS

How Happy Are the Little Birds

How happy are the little birds
That fly about together,
And warble on a single bough
Or nestle in cold weather!
Not so, alas, with you and me,
Girl who should be my bride,
Between us rage the waters,
Between us flows the tide.

I say that you are fairer
Than lilies in the sun,
I say your voice is rarer
Than seven harps played as one.
I say the poets praise you
That you are proud in pain,
And may God bring you swiftly
Back to my arms again!

Adapted from the Gaelic of Patrick Staunton,
by SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Spider Web

The royal weaver at his loom
Designs a most inviting tomb;

Displays it to a royal host
Who should, of course, enjoy it most.

The stately dragon-fly is proud
To wear a gorgeous silken shroud,

And, wrapped in priceless gossamer,
He rolls into his sepulchre,

Paying with his paltry breath
For the panoply of death.

And death is emperor until
A dust-cloth sweeps the window sill.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Listener

Who is that knocking at my lonely door,
Who is that knocking again?
So long have I waited—so long before,
And no one came knocking then.

Waited alone for a voice never heard,
Listened for feet to come by,
Now I must stand here framing a word,
Speech seems so strange and so shy.

Still—I must hasten for my amber comb,
For my necklace and fine-set ring,
It may be a beggar too tired to roam,
But it may be at last the king!

ELEANOR C. KOENIG.

Profit or Loss

In massive Gothic majesty it stands,
Harbor of peace amid a sea of strife;
It offers to the sons of many lands
A port and haven from the storm of life.

The cross of gold upon the spire's crest
Gleamed like a beacon in the noonday sun;
The roofs and chimneys that beneath it pressed
Seemed dwarfs and pigmies to the towers dun.

But now from windowed heights on every side,
Turning the page of profit and of loss,
Far o'er the squirming, jostling human tide,
Dollar-dimmed eyes look down upon the cross.

The market closes weak, the margin's small,
Stocks are as vapor, bonds but bubbles; when
For loan of life there's no collateral,
We must look upward to the cross again.

WILLIAM B. GILBERT.

And Ten Years After

(*Distraction at Evening Meditation*)

Odd how that welling, joyful voice could thrill
My quiet heart through all these years until
I heard its waited calling of my name to-day,
And all my dreams are done, and all my hopes are dead;
Perhaps you are more lovely now—I cannot say—
But oh! you're not the child I've kept in heart and head!
I saw you pace me and outpace, become a saint,
You are a woman now who holds such thoughts as quaint,
I who was once your angel (for you named me so)
Am now a strange old nun, foolishly shy and slow,
Who cannot help but wonder what rash, bitter ways
Your one-time hesitating feet have tried and trod,
So much to these old ears your broken voice betrays,
So much of discontent and wild, wan loss of god.
To-night you're gone—to come again when you will be
Older and sadly wise and less in need of me.

MARY NELL CARROLL.

Slippers

When I was young
And my slippers were red,
I could kick higher
Than my own head.

When I grew up
And my slippers were white,
I could dance the stars
Right out of the night.

Now I am old,
My slippers are black;
I walk to the corner
And I walk back.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Revelry

THE young author of the biting Chicago was selected to dramatize Revelry, the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams which, the American public has insisted, is the transcript of events during a recent administration in Washington. It is hard to say just how free a hand Maurine Watkins received in making her play out of the book. Rumor has it that the author of the novel had much to say about its dramatization. At all events, Revelry is not a very satisfactory play, and would surely find a quick oblivion were it not for the spine-tickling sense it gives to some people of peeping behind the scenes in Washington.

It tells the story of an amiable and personally honest man who has risen to be President with considerable surprise to himself. He likes his little poker game, drinks a moderate amount of strong liquor, and is so utterly trusting that his grafting friends involve him in complications which ultimately prompt his suicide. Some objection has been raised to the play, as to the book itself, on the ground that it will undermine the faith of the American people in the integrity of the Washington government. There would be more strength in this criticism if the newspapers of the country had not already indulged in an orgy of political scandals. In Mr. Chesterton's book, The Man Who Knew Too Much, we discover the moral that the revelation of truth may sometimes do more damage than good. But as matters stand today, there is very little which the public does not know concerning Washington affairs, and what it does not know, it suspects. If the theme of Revelry were properly handled, it is hard to see how it could do any greater damage than has already been done.

Unfortunately, Revelry has one glaring defect. It shows only one, and that the most sordid, side of Washington intrigue. Never once does the play convey anything of the glamour or the greatness or the dignity of our centre of government. It has none of the glow of dramatic contrast. Even the scenes which take place in the Cabinet Room of the White House give more the feeling of an aldermanic chamber in a small city than of that curious dignity which even the most cynical of newspaper men have experienced in Washington. The whole thing rings as falsely as if one were to tell of the intrigues at the court of France and forget to mention the magnificence of Versailles. It is like trying to make a Madame Bovary out of a Du Barry.

The part of the amiable President is fairly well played by Berton Churchill. His jump from Alias the Deacon to the presidential chambers is sudden but successful. The only criticism one can make is almost as much against the lines put into his mouth as against his acting. There is one scene—it shows him facing the map of the United States with outstretched arms—in which he descends to the tricks of old-fashioned pathos. The rough character of Dan Lurcock, the hidden power behind the administration, is played by George MacFarlane. It is the most satisfactory portrayal in the play, as to both lines and acting. The various women who enter into the complications all play well with the exception of Eleanor Woodruff, who, as Edith Westervelt, the woman into whose apartment the President blunders one evening, cannot forget a stage voice and a rather stilted reading of lines. Irene Homer does perhaps the best work as the stenographer who brings the administration scandal to its crisis. On the whole this is a play of much muck-raking and no relieving magic. (At the Masque Theatre.)

Lovers and Enemies

THE Grand Street Follies Company—until recently the acting company of the Neighborhood Playhouse—has just given us a highly interesting innovation in the form of special matinées of Lovers and Enemies, a play by the late Artzybasheff, translated into English by Madame Strindberg. The production has no scenery but black velvet drapes. In spite of this it maintains an astonishingly authentic mood.

The play is one of those intensive studies of love in all its aspects which shows with great pity and understanding how lives may be broken through mismating unredeemed by any spiritual fire. As an analysis of the deeper agonies of life, it has a relentless candor. But where it fails is in the fact that it pays little or no attention to the building or synthesizing forces which bring lasting beauty even out of threatened failure. The creative force of suffering is almost untouched—and we leave the play with only the one obvious conclusion that, lacking the healing power of a higher love, married happiness can be expected only in those rarest of all cases where a real physical mating is matched by a mating of the soul and the mind, that is, where one being is the perfect complement of the other.

As the Neighborhood group is about the only one in New York—aside from Eva Le Gallienne's company—which attempts to develop well-rounded actors, the production has an added interest in several individual performances. A particular tribute is due to Marc Loebell, as one of the husbands involved, for the finest bit of restrained and natural acting he has as yet offered. Otto Hulicius, on the other hand, who at one time showed more promise than Mr. Loebell, has become excessively stagey in manner as an officer of the imperial guards. Albert Carroll's Greek posing, as a young musician, can hardly be called acting at all. He has created only a caricature instead of a character. Paula Trueman, as the impulsive daughter of an army musician, has made great strides in her work. She deserves great credit for what she has done. But the part itself is by no means made for her. In spite of the earnestness of her endeavor, she does not carry conviction. Four of the principal parts are carried by guest artists, Leo Bulgakov, formerly of the Moscow Art Theatre, Eva Condon, Esther Mitchell and Joanna Roos. Miss Mitchell lacks the smoldering quality demanded beneath her placid exterior. Miss Roos is distinctly the most successful of the younger women in the cast. Eva Condon, as the bustling and devoted wife of an old college professor, brings, especially in her dying scene, amazing strength and sincerity to the whole play. This leads us to the performance of Mr. Bulgakov, undoubtedly the finest piece of acting seen on any New York stage in the last year. As the old professor, Mr. Bulgakov touches the heights and plumbs the depths of human emotions—all with an absence of obvious technique which only veils his supremely fine art. This production is worth seeing if for no other reason than to experience the few superb moments which Bulgakov's work can bring to a bare stage and an earnest, though for the most part unillumined, production. (At the Little Theatre.)

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Four Walls

FOUR WALLS, the story of an ex-convict's battle for inner freedom, shows every evidence of being two plays in one—the first and original one being by Dana Burnet, and the second by George Abbott. They have not been fused. Each breaks in on the other, with the result that many moments of introspective beauty are lost through the resounding crash of tense melodrama, while the melodrama, in its turn, is suspended for philosophy. This is all the more unfortunate as either play, by itself, would merit distinguished attention, and a genuinely successful fusion of the two might have produced a masterpiece.

Benny Horowitz, former leader of an East Side gang, returns from five years "up the river" imbued with a passion for freedom. He has discovered that prison walls are not half so confining as the walls of environment, friendships, passions or crime. He is determined to be the one free man on earth. After accidentally killing a man in a fight, and in spite of the protection of a successful alibi, he finally discovers that truth alone can set him free, and delivers himself up once more to the police. This, I take it, is the original Burnet theme. The Abbott play is a straight melodrama of the reformed crook, depending in no detail on Benny's peculiar philosophy for its movement. That is why there is no fusion. If the plot—always excepting the final curtain—turned in some way on Benny's distinctive reactions to men and events, the two ideas would connect and form a unified whole. Instead, Benny's thoughts and inner struggles become largely verbiage. They come suddenly and for no apparent reason. And they build to no dramatic conclusion until the very end, when Benny gives himself up rather than be obligated for life to the possessive young girl who has lied to give him his alibi.

It might have helped greatly if the authors had developed more fully the character of this girl. In her coarse way, she has something of the eternal empress in her—the desire to cleave to the man of power, the ruler, and through him to lead, herself. This is implied, but too briefly. Her physical attraction to Benny is overplayed at the expense of the more interesting theme. As things stand, she is not the dramatic protagonist. Her mind never meets and clashes with Benny's, so that his final protest against her possessiveness seems to be chanted in a vacuum. She turns into a mere blackmailer instead of the symbol of the domineering woman.

For the rest, the play, minus half its possible significance, is splendidly cast and expertly directed by George Abbott himself. Many of the actors have been taken direct from the Yiddish Theatre, notably Muni Wisenfrend, who gives to the part of Benny a richness and understanding rarely seen on the English-speaking stage. At times he is a trifle over-conscious of his technique, as, for example, when he drives his voice to a falsetto, but for the most part his contribution has fine distinction. Jeanne Greene as Frieda, the girl who tries to get him back into her power, plays well, within the limits of her rôle as now written. Even with the same words, she might have contributed more of the feeling I have suggested above, but the fault may lie with George Abbott. Bella Finkle, as the little drudge in love with Benny, plays with understanding and self-effacement, and Clara Langsner, as his mother, is surpassingly real and intense. The stage settings are excellent, the melodramatic scenes expertly handled, and all that we need is one play instead of two. The whole effort reflects well on the intentions of the producer, John Golden. (At the John Golden Theatre.)

BOOKS

The Story of Fanny Burney, by Muriel Masefield. Cambridge University Press. $1.50.

OF ALL the remarkable and interesting people who circled round Samuel Johnson, there is none who can be known so intimately as Fanny Burney, because we have her own picture of herself, drawn at full-length. She was the daughter of Charles Burney, Doctor of Music, a well-known writer and evidently one of the most charming of men. Johnson said of him: "It is but natural to love him. . . . I much question if there is, in the world, such another man as Dr. Burney." And he was the only man to whom Johnson is ever known to have made an apology.

Fanny was born at King's Lynn in 1752, and at the age of sixteen began to write a diary. "To Nobody, then, will I write my journal! since to Nobody can I be wholly unreserved—to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity to the end of my life!" That practice she continued during a large part of her lengthy and varied existence, and we have the results in the two small volumes of the Early Diary edited by Mrs. Ellis (Bohn Library) and in the six volumes of The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (Macmillan).

The former are fascinating beyond any of the romances—Fanny's included—of the period, and the letters of two of her sisters, Susan, the most charming of the Burney girls, and Charlotte, add to their interest. The latter are full of the details of an extraordinarily varied life in court, almost in camp, and in private life. Fanny's first novel Evelina, printed with the knowledge of her brother only, who conducted the negotiations with the publisher, at once secured extraordinary success; to-day one wonders why until one remembers that it was the first novel which an English parent would not be annoyed at finding his daughter reading. Still that hardly accounts to us for the fact that men like Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, even Johnson, raved about it long before they knew the secret of its authorship. It is easily readable to-day, and Cecilia, its successor, is feasible. Camilla, for which Fanny was paid over two thousand pounds (Evelina brought no more than twenty!) is, I suppose, unreadable as it has never been republished.

The success of the first novel gained at once for Fanny, the entrée to the various blue-stocking circles then presided over by Mrs. Vesey, their originator, Mrs. Montague, their subsequent leader, and Mrs. Thrale, probably the most attractive of them all, which were the fashion of the day. At the Thrales she met Johnson, and that rugged person at once succumbed to Fanny and showed her a side of his character which no one else saw. Boswell recognized that fact, and when he was writing his book he made great efforts to induce Fanny to assist him. "You must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough on stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam; so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself." But Fanny was adamant, the fact being that she disliked Boswell.

The result of Fanny's celebrity was that she was offered the position of second dressing-woman to Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III. The theory was that her majesty must be clothed by the hands of a lady. Each part of the dress

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was selected by some ordinary maid, handed to the dressing-woman, and by her placed on the sacred body of her royal mistress. A strange reward for literary fame—and, stranger still, one hailed with great delight by Dr. Burney and by Fanny's friends, though she herself looked—as well she might—with great dismay on the prospect! In this bondage she served five years under Mrs. Schwellenburg, the first dressing-woman, the worst type of Prussian female. Surely the world shows little that is less attractive than this person as she is depicted by Fanny in her journals.

The court was highly respectable, which it had not been in the two previous reigns and was not to be in the two next. But it was what Johnson would have called inspissated dulness itself, and must have been an awful purgatory to a lively girl like Fanny. George went mad; we have the whole story of that affliction and of his pursuit of her unfortunate self in Kew Gardens from Fanny's own pen. The princesses turned out dull but respectable. The princes, headed by the future George IV—surely one of the ripest scoundrels of history—turned out as might have been expected, and anyone who wants to know more about them may read the interesting Creevey Memoirs in which are to be found full accounts of their various villainies.

In this circle Fanny wore out her days, and of it we have an inside account in her books. When she returned home it was the time of the emigrés. One of these, General D'Arblay, she married—and therein lies a shrewd thrust of Nemesis, for Fanny had quarreled with her kindest friend, Mrs. Thrale, for marrying a foreigner and a Catholic! Moreover, Piozzi was well-to-do; D'Arblay had neither money nor occupation, and they married on a precarious allowance, by way of pension from the queen to Fanny, depending on her majesty's life and will, and in all amounting to no more than one hundred pounds a year.

Here one must pause for a moment to marvel at these two "Catholic" husbands, typical of that time of neglect of religion. Mrs. Thrale in a letter describes Piozzi as "devout" in his religion, yet he abandoned it completely after his marriage. When he lay dying at Bath his wife tells us that she asked him if he would like to see a Catholic priest—surely it may be imputed for righteousness to her—Piozzi declined, and what is more, sent for an Anglican minister, and received communion from his hands, and according to the ceremonies of the Established Church. D'Arblay and Fanny were married—as was then the custom in mixed marriages—first of all in an Established, and then in a Catholic, Church. Dr. Burney, that easy going man, refused to attend either ceremony. It does not appear what connection with his religion the husband maintained, but the only son was brought up a Protestant, and was ordained a minister.

D'Arblay long predeceased his wife, and, bereft of husband and son (who died shortly after his ordination) she set herself, till the end of her long life—she lived to be eighty-seven, and died on the anniversary of her adored sister Susan—the task of correcting her diaries. Here the priggishness which was ever an ingredient in her character peeped out, for she destroyed pages and pages—full, one may be sure, of priceless information—for various usually quite insufficient reasons. Her life of her father—a dull work—was the other effort of her later days, and few will trouble to attack it. But the diaries, juvenile and otherwise, shorn as they have been, still remain a treasure-house of delights, the key of which is now offered to one and all by Mrs. Masefield's charming little book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

SOME years ago Miss Mayo published her book The Isles of Fear, altering, in consequence, the course of public opinion with regard to the Philippines. Perhaps hardly the same effect can be expected from Mother India—at least in America. But no doubt the book is likely to confirm Englishmen in their ideas about India. In India itself it will no doubt cause acute irritation; but Hindus are likely to shrug their shoulders and attempt to dismiss it as based upon insufficent information.

Anyone who knows India will bear testimony to the accuracy of Miss Mayo's specific statements, which she supports with a solid basis of varied documentation; moreover, she has written with a greater audacity than any of her predecessors have displayed, and her audacity and accuracy, in combination, have resulted in a unique work. But, all the same, she has been only a tourist in a country which no one who has not lived there many years is quite fitted to write about.

Her book amounts to an indictment—not of the adherents of Islam, who are hardly touched upon, but certainly of the Hindus. Each item of the indictment, taken singly, is true. The trouble is that the presentation of them is so one-sided as to create an impression that is not wholly accurate. Miss Mayo has confined herself to the unpleasant facts. Instead of the customary splashes of color given us in books on India, she uncorks her bottle and makes us sniff her very noisome, concentrated essence of oriental stenches.

But India, though I admit the stenches, has something else—something that can be discovered only by intimate knowledge, insight and love. No doubt the water in the holy Ganges is dirty, just as the holy-water font in a Catholic church is often not too clean. But the Hindu, like the Catholic, is thinking of something spiritual, not material—a point that seems to have escaped Miss Mayo.

The strongest and most sensational part of Miss Mayo's book is that which deals with the sexual life of the Hindus. Here many Hindus would, in general, agree with her—Mr. Ghandi, for example. But surely she says too much!

The heaviest charge that Miss Mayo has to bring concerns child marriage. It would be vastly better for the country if the parents were not, as they often are, immature, and their children consequently puny. And the young brides, as may well be imagined, suffer in only too many cases abominable cruelties. But child marriage, nevertheless, is not dictated solely by lust and cruelty—though these are frequently present, just as they are not unknown in marriages contracted in Europe or America.

The most appalling chapter in Mother India—and in it Miss Mayo speaks of what she has actually witnessed—is that which deals with the customs of the country when a woman is in the throes of child-birth. Indian conventions forbid any male doctor to be present at such an occasion. The most that can be hoped for is that the doctor be allowed to sit behind a curtain and direct the operations of the dhai, the dirty, outcast and incompetent midwife universally employed. And the method of the dhai, as described with remorseless particularity by Miss Mayo, makes one wonder how any Indian woman can be safely delivered of a child—unless it be that here, too, as in other instances, our author picks out extreme cases.

Miss Mayo says little that is directly political in nature. And she does not say in so many words that, for the good of

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India, the British should remain there. But that is the inescapable deduction from her book. And I, for one, agree, strongly as I also feel about many of the recent mistakes of the British administration. But I think Miss Mayo puts her finger upon something much more serious, though less obvious, than faults of administration, and that is the attempt to build up colleges in a country which is still overwhelmingly illiterate. General elementary education should have been concentrated upon. As it is, there are hordes of babus, each possessed of a degree and infinite conceit and all only too capable of misleading their ignorant fellow-countrymen and of inflaming them against the British raj, while in many cases, their real motive for wanting to get the British out of India is to have a free hand for rapacious exploitation. I except in this, noble souls like Tagore—one of the finest men I have known—and Ghandi. But there are too many of a very different and less admirable type.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Public Mind: Its Disorders—Its Exploitation, by Norman Angell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

WHAT is this mysterious thing which Mr. Angell so persistently stalks? It ever eludes him. It is irresistible, it must be reckoned with; and yet it is utterly irrational. At one time it is apathetic. No affront appears to move it. That "moral indignation" which, at other times, is its driving power, slumbers. Is it fatigued? "After the last war," our author tells us, "the public was quite unmoved by things which, before the war, would have had a tremendous and explosive effect." At other times it is supersensitive. It suddenly awakens to an interest in the inhabitants of Lilliputia who have attempted to throw off the yoke of their immemorial oppressors and set up a federal republic. It bristles with pugnacity. It sends an ultimatum.

At first blush one may be inclined to see in these strange alternations of popular frenzy and lethargy the work of a venal press or some other instrument of publicity. The Marxian school proclaims that wars are prepared by a calculating plutocracy which purposes to reap golden profits from the miseries of the people. But Mr. Angell has demonstrated that the plutocracy is as readily duped, as responsive to propaganda and as subject to errors of calculation, as the more elementary proletariat. If plutocracy planned the late war, it assuredly reckoned without the cost in social revolution which has made its position extremely precarious in all the countries which participated in that conflict.

The question as to which is ultimately responsible, the propaganda of pulpit and press which reflects public opinion, or this same public opinion which feeds upon and is intensified by the propaganda of pulpit and press, seems to yield no answer. They are interactive and inextricably mingled. Says Mr. Angell, "It is as near as one can get to the bottom of the matter, perhaps, to say that we choose our pictures to suit our changing mood, as at one moment a man will choose to find deadly offense in the remark of a friend which in another mood would be passed over without attention; etc." The public mind, therefore, is a changing mood. It is for war at one moment because it has tired of peace and lusts for the excitement and risks of combat; it is for peace at another moment because it has grown weary of war.

What is needed, when a nation is on the verge of war or even more imperatively when it is at war, is the counterbalancing faculty of self-criticism; but it is characteristic of national-

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ism that it is never able to discover evil intentions except in him who, for the nonce, is the enemy. War will bring out the worst, as well as the best, that is in human nature. There will be "atrocities" on both sides. Since the purpose of propaganda, however, is "to make us hate the enemy and so want to go on fighting him," the hope that the "enemy" will be praised for his virtues, or that the nation with a will to war will be able to perceive its own faults, is too sanguine to be reasonably indulged. Reprisals are immediately thought of when the foe is particularly outrageous; and the offended nation never resolves to act with the more restraint because of the fear that lest, by adopting the methods of the foe, it lose its advantage of ethical superiority. Thus the combatant nation never takes the real lesson of "atrocities" to heart.

In the ordinary business of democratic government in times of peace, Mr. Angell finds the same irrationality manifested. "Is democracy possible at all?" he asks. If a democracy, fully capable of handling all the business it is called upon at present to transact, is meant, the answer is in the negative. The very complexity of the most of these foreign and domestic problems calls for the specialist. The ordinary citizen must learn to depend on authority. General results alone are within his ken. Yet democracy is inescapable. "The defence of democracy does not depend upon any proof that popular judgment is necessarily right, but that in the long run it will dictate, even to dictators . . . we must make the best of it."

How to get rid of the demagogue is one of the problems with which Mr. Angell is necessarily occupied; and it is interesting to note that he is one of that increasing number of political economists who advocate the jury-wheel method of selecting the officials who are at present elected. Come to think of it—is there any particular reason why a humble plumber, whose name is drawn at random from a jury-wheel, should not be able to hold down a job in the Senate? This, of course, would mean the end of Senator Dogberry and the patronage system and many other exhibits in the political zoo, as well as the demagogue. But the country might conceivably do worse, after all, than to retire Senator Dogberry and give the plumber a chance in his place.

ROBERT R. HULL.

The Diary of a Country Parson, edited by John Beresford. New York: The Oxford University Press. Three volumes, $4.25 each.

THE Reverend James Woodforde, who died in 1803, kept a diary filled with the simple events which occurred in his daily life as a country parson, and was not puffed up with literary pride as a result of his daily scribbling. Today, Mr. John Beresford's edition of this diary has drawn so much praise from the favored and enlightened, that a reviewer is tempted to do no more than make quotations from this continuous, universal eulogy. What a gift it was, after all—the eighteenth-century Englishman's skill for writing diaries! No other race has anything nearly so good; and though Americans might have jotted down records having a singular interest, they never did. Parson Woodforde is, of course, no Pepys. His measure is a different one entirely, and though he went often to the theatre, he seems to have attached much more importance to the behavior of a cow. It is the whole story of comfortable rural life in an olden time that one finds here, with rumors from the wild world—whispers of revolution in France, glimpses of Pitt and other worthies—creeping into the stillness as a mischievous urchin scrambles into an orchard.

Briefly speaking, there are four main themes in Parson Woodforde's story. The first is himself—his business of religion and charity, his husbandry, his dinners and the brewing necessary therefor, his economies and his trifling ills. The second is Squire Custance, of whom we see enough to get a good understanding of what a country gentleman was like in the days when Mr. George Washington was fighting the British and taxes were higher than usual. One need not say that Mr. Custance, his excellent wife and his children, become cherished acquaintances as these lovable, homely, old books get on. A third theme is the life of the poor, over whom the parson was much concerned and of whose affairs he set down a good deal, with that old-fashioned definiteness about money matters of which we have lost such a great deal. When he churched a poor woman, he never failed to note that he had returned the twopence offered as a stipend. And what parties they did have, he and these poor, on Christmas day! Fourth among the matters which concern our author is economics—the regard of expenditures for this or that. After a while, one developes a positive relish for the perennial notations of two shillings for this and one pound for that. It explains the periphery—the drapery—of eighteenth-century life by enumerating the simple details, and it supplies ever so luscious accounts of many dinners.

It would be wrong to conclude, however, that the picture is entirely soothing and roseate. The Reverend Woodforde was not a poet nor an idealist, but a man who took life as it was and noted its phenomena carefully. His editor has wisely refrained from curtailing this realism, so that one sees enough of gross deflections from the normal to realize that neither Crabbe nor Fielding was an inventor. The want of what we of today are accustomed to term science, was also very evident. A consumption was one of the maladies against which no defense seemed possible, and the remedies for ordinary ailments strike us as clumsy indeed. In so far as government was concerned, the contemporary democratic processes were scarcely dreamed of, an election went to the man who could make the biggest impression, and smuggling was rampant. It is amusing to note that the parson himself narrowly escaped trouble at the hands of a man who was captured and might have told ever so much had he cared to.

Yet the whole of life, as this diary reveals it, was sincerely and pleasantly human, interested in details and simple, concrete events, content with the daily round which it graced to a quite impressive extent with mercy and kindliness. One cannot read these long-forgotten books without coming to know and love somewhat better the "creature man," and without musing many a time as to whether we of the present are not grown unfamiliar with much that was homely and very good. Mr. Beresford plans to issue five volumes of the diary in all. I fancy that every student of the period will feel it an obligation to know them. Beyond that their destiny seems to be affording pleasure to countless readers who like to feel the pulse of real life in books—who, indeed, sit down to literature because they can find there people who become, in the course of familiar reading, desirable and even quite indispensable companions.

Needless to say, the make-up of these books—supervised as it has been by one of the most careful of modern English publishers—is in itself a joy. A host of good illustrations present the figures in the story as they were and so continue the purpose which originally animated the writing itself.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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Your Religion, by W. H. Russel. St. Louis: Herder Book Company. $1.75.

ANYONE who endeavors to apply the best known psychological principles to the teaching of religion is making a real contribution to the cause of Christ. Much is written about the need of religious education, but how many successful efforts have there been to make the study of religion live for the young student? There are available very few texts indeed which aim at more than a logical presentation of Catholic doctrine and practice.

Father Russel, in Your Religion, presents a work which may be used as a text in the last year of a senior high-school. He clearly shows that he has been trained in the art of teaching religion psychologically. In his own words, he aims "to leave the student with the conviction that religion, as a study, is a life effort, and as a virtue is acquired only through personal striving." (This view of religion, as a virtue, is theologically inexact, it should be remarked incidentally. The cardinal virtues are infused habits. Religion is a branch of the virtue of justice.)

The student is never permitted to forget that Christ is the model and source of Catholic life. A vast number of topics are touched upon. A glance at the table of contents, indeed, would leave the impression that the course is intended to cover four years instead of one, especially since the author advocates the discussion method, and urges considerable supplementary reading. This is to be regretted. Since the subject-matter is so inclusive in this text of some 300 pages, the treatment of many topics is necessarily often superficial and even unconvincing. (For example, note the chapter on The Need of God.) The author, unfortunately, tries to teach far too much, instead of driving home to boys about to enter college or the business world a few definite reflex principles of Christian living derived from correlated studies of apologetics and ethics. And—the modern youth wants to be shown. We must not neglect to meet this characteristic desire with a sane but strong intellectual appeal.

Father Russel's text, however, will undoubtedly be helpful to all who sincerely and seriously desire young students to leave our Catholic schools with an abiding appreciation of Catholic thought and Catholic culture.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

Thomas Paine, by Mary Agnes Best. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN HER story of the "prophet and martyr of democracy," Mary Agnes Best has given us a picturesquely written and vivacious account of a leading figure among those founders of the republic who are now coming—copiously, and in colors ranging from muck-brown to couleur de rose—into their biographic own. The author frankly confesses in her preface that "snatching laurels from brows that long have worn them" is not a fad of hers, and that she prefers "to place a wreath on a head that for more than a century has been crowned with infamy."

Miss Best has studied with much thoroughness and intelligence all available Paine data, her book is decidedly well documented, and to a large extent she has allowed those who knew Paine at first hand in his own time and day to reveal the man's nature, personality and mind. The skill and continuity with which she has woven strands which run from Edmund Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution to

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Gamaliel Bradford's Damaged Souls into a coherent, animated and brightly colored life-pattern is admirable, and in the process she has achieved an intimate and sympathetic portrait as well as one, in the main, trustworthy and acceptable.

Paine the human being, as might be expected in a modern biography, is clearly limned. His childlike vanity, his combative temper, his penchant for prophecy, his curious wedded romance (if one may call it so) are all presented as detail traits of the composite portrait, nor are they maliciously exaggerated or overstressed.

One great service this book should do for the average reader is that of restoring Thomas Paine's true historical perspective. As the author says in her opening chapter, "Ask the average man what he knows of this great patriot, honored by Washington . . . he will almost invariably reply: 'Only that he was an infidel.'" In this last connection The Age of Reason, from which the author quotes at perhaps unnecessary length, is a curious example of a book still most widely read by those who have least studied the philosophy of religion, and by them often regarded as a daring incendiary work presenting "new" ideas. To those informed, it is simply an offshoot of Lockian principles, written from the standpoint of a Quaker who did not believe in revealed religion, a coarse, roughly eloquent, controversial, however admittedly interesting, exposition of eighteenth-century deism.

More interesting and also far less present in the general consciousness, is the unknown Englishman "who, while colonial leaders floundered about in futilities, grasped the economic, social and political significance of the American revolt, and like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, hurled his prophecy of America's destiny." Miss Best makes us feel—in spite of Theodore Roosevelt's condemnation—that old Andrew Jackson spoke truly when he said: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty." And it is in the sense of restoring to general appreciation "the first out-in-the-open, uncompromising American patriot," in particular, that Miss Best's very readable biography deserves all credit.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"These modern novelists," exclaimed cousin Andromache, who had felt obliged to ask Doctor Angelicus to Sunday supper to meet his cousin Euphrosyne and her daughters, passing through the city en route for their home in Willimantic, "and these foreign novelists, and the people who translate and publish them, must be dirty pigs, at best."

"I am glad you say at best, Andromache," said the Doctor, "as I have the utmost respect for pigs. Need I protest that they are not dirty? Some of the most exquisite ladies of the eighteenth century used to fill their drawing-rooms with the lovely little washed-up shoats, with pink and baby-blue ribbons on their ears and tails, with sweet, piping grunts that were the sylvan antecedents of our contemporary jazz-bands. Scholars have declared that there is no cleaner animal alive, and I am glad to see that literature is facing the problem honestly, and today the pig—that is, the four-legged one—is taking his proper place in our poetry. Indeed, in David Coulson, an English literary hog-butcher, we come upon a national figure in the realm of new poetry, and, as is only seemly, the Chicago journal, Poetry, is not unmindful of this new note which accords so tunefully with local interests. Our vegetarian friends may restrain their shivers at some of the emotionality of David Coulson, but what realist is there who will not acknowledge the graphic sense and grasp of life in such lines as:

"'When I was learning my trade at the pig-killing
Not one cottage in Fletton but had two or three ready,
And the killers worked all Feast-week without ever stopping.
Pigs was pigs in them days;
None of your wankling creatures that slip sidewise through the fence,
But good forty-stoners, fit for a king.
Ah, the Feast, the Feast!—
How it brings back the smell of fresh pork and the loud cries of dying pigs.
I remember, when I was only that high,
Seeing them scraped and pale on the cratches,
All clean and white and beautiful,
And I never rested till father 'prenticed me.
Best of all is to kill your own,
What you've fed with your own hand all the year round,
Watching and tending from a grunting sucker to a fair and proper size.
They know you so well, they don't struggle even when the rope goes round their snout:
After that, it doesn't matter what they think;
This knife slips through their gullet slick as butter.
I dream of pigs and carve them in my sleep!
All good things come from them:
Pies tasty from the oven,
Spare-ribs, collard-meat, face, feet, head,
Hams and flitches of bacon for the kitchen baulk,
And the scraps from odd corners.
Is there an animal so useful anywhere?'

"For myself, I find a more appealing touch upon my porcine favorites in the lines of F. H., an all too anonymous contributor to a recent issue of an English journal. We have

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heard so much of Southdown mutton that we fail to realize the preëminence of Sir Porcus in the British culinary peerage; I shall read F. H.'s Post Mortem, adding merely an emphasis on the moral with which he adorns the tail, and a complete accord, gustatory as well as sentimental, with all his lines:

"'Pig, while you linger with us here,
We do not hold you very dear:
We pass your sty
With an averted eye;
Your wide contour
Fails somehow to allure!
We find your grunt
A personal affront;
And with a fine indifference we ignore
The aura that accompanies your snore.

But when you've gone—where pigs do go—
Our thoughts in different channels flow:
Your choicer ham
Comforts the diaphragm;
Sausage (and mashed)
We all eat unabashed;
Our knife and fork
Make hearty play with pork;
While, as to smell, who would not chose to waken
To the rare odors of the morning bacon?

Happy the man, and blest beyond his kind,
Who leaves such fragrant memories behind.'"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"It is as I have always said," remarked the Doctor, arriving with a jaunty air that betokened a prosperous evening with the ringside bettors, "beware of the man of one book!"

Amanuensa looked up from her machine: "But, Doctor, I always thought that the big men did not carry pocket-books."

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"Bucks! O, Doctor Angelicus—where did you hear such a word?"

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